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THE MAISON BENSA, NICE.



THE ÉCOLE MATERNELLE, AT ST. ETIENNE, NICE,
WHERE MADAME CHEYLON WAS KILLED.



THE MAISON ALLARDI, NICE.



THE VILLA CIPOLLINO, MENTONE.

THE EARTHQUAKE ON THE RIVIERA (SOUTH COAST OF FRANCE)

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Fine doings, ay, and slightly scandalous doings, at "Powle's" on Sunday, Feb. 27! "A Church Parade," comprising a few hundreds of Social Democrats, I know not how many really unemployed workmen and their children, and an equally indeterminate number of loafers, country cousins, and sight-seers, making up altogether some ten thousand people, "crammed, rammed, and jammed" together in the nave and under the dome of the Metropolitan Basilica, ostensibly to join in Divine service; really to see if anybody meant to be guilty of any act of irreverent misbehaviour. The sermon repeatedly interrupted by cries of "Hear, hear!" a religious fanatic who has more than once been sent to a mad-house, and even to jail, for obstructing the public thoroughfares by uttering his preachments therein, standing on a form in the most crowded part of the Cathedral, and babbling until he was arrested and "run in" by the police; in the choir the Lord Mayor and a goodly number of M.P.'s; outside the Cathedral an overflow service, some of the congregation joining in singing the Old Hundredth, and others gazing at the red flags carried by the Socialists!

It is to be earnestly hoped that we are not going back to the dark days of Old St. Paul's. What those days were like, all students of Dean Milman's "Annals" will remember. I saw the Dean at the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington at St. Paul's, in 1852—a wonderfully ancient-looking, bowed-down cleric, creeping up the nave at the head of the grimly splendid pageant. He has told us, in his monograph on the antique fane, how, in the fourteenth century, Bishop Braybroke issued letters denouncing the profanation of St. Paul's by marketing and trading in the church itself. "Others, too," continues the indignant prelate, "by the instigation of the Devil, do not scruple with stones and arrows to bring down the birds, pigeons, and jackdaws which nestle in the walls and crevices of the building; others play at ball, or at other unseemly games, within and without the church, breaking the beautiful and costly painted windows, to the amazement of the spectators."

Queen Elizabeth likewise was constrained to put forth a proclamation against "unseemly doings" at "Powle's." Imprisonment for two months was to be the doom of any person making any fray or drawing or putting his hand to any weapon for that purpose, or shooting any hand-gun or "dags," within the Cathedral or its precincts.

Ben Jonson lays the scene of the third act of his "Every Man Out of His Humour" in the middle aisle of St. Paul's; while Bishop Earle, in his "Microcosmography," describes Paul's Walk in the following complimentary terms: "The visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principal inhabitants and possessors are stale knights and captains out of service, men of long rapiers and breeches, which, after all, turn merchants here and traffic for news. Some make it a preface to their dinner, and travel for a stomach; but thriftier men make it their ordinary, and dine here very cheap."

The very numerous French colony in the British metropolis have lost a warm and indefatigably active friend in M. Eugène Rimmel, the perfumer, of the Strand, whose death, at the age of sixty-seven, has been recently announced. He was something more than a successful manufacturer of sweet scents: he was a truly charitable and beneficent man. He was mainly instrumental in founding the French Hospital and Dispensary, in Leicester-square, and the French "Bureau de Bienfaisance," in Poland-street; and one of the last of his merciful enterprises was the organisation of a benefit fund for professors of French in England.

M. Rimmel was, moreover, a man of cultivated literary tastes and considerable literary capacity. Miss Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) knew him very well, and esteemed him highly; so did your humble servant. He made an excellent translation of "Othello" into French; and I remember a capital little book which he wrote about the Paris Universal Exposition of 1867.

I wonder how many of my readers will remember that M. Rimmel's perfumery warehouse at the eastern corner of Beaufort-buildings, Strand, was once the shop of the art publishing firm of the Ackermanns, the sons and successors of rugged old Rudolph Ackermann, the employer of Rowlandson and the two Alkens, and the publisher (I think) of Combe's "Doctor Syntax." To Rudolph Ackermann we chiefly owe the popularisation of the art of lithography in England. With the firm of Ackermann and Co. (George, Ferdinand, and Adolphus) I had extensive dealings in my youth. My first commission from them was to draw and engrave comic valentines, of which I executed some hundreds. Next I was promoted to design, lithograph, and etch political and social caricatures; and the last work that I did for the house was a lengthy panorama of the funeral of the Iron Duke in 1852. It was etched and aqua-tinted on a number of steel plates; the horses were drawn by my friend Henry Alken, the younger; and the Distressed Compiler was responsible for the figures. The glare of the plates, and the fumes of the acid used in etching, did so much harm to my eyes that I thenceforth abandoned the use of the needle and the graver and took to quill-driving. I am sorry that I did so now; since, were I still able to ply my early craft, I might be earning a respectable livelihood by engraving tradesmen's invoices and brass plates for ladies' seminaries. "The times are werry hard." Is that not a Music-Hall ditty?

But for all their hardness I am not going to appropriate the property of the gentleman who lately sent me a postal note for 2s. 6d. towards a fund for the reparation of John Howard's monument at Kherson. I gave directions for the return of the postal note to the gentleman; but my amanuensis was unable to find the card containing his name and address. Will he write to me again? If he does not care

to trouble himself, I will send the remittance to the Royal Hospital for Women and Children in the Waterloo-road.

I may mention that the annual general court of the governors of the above-named institution was held on Feb. 28 in one of the wards of the hospital—the Lord Mayor presiding. The Royal Hospital for Women and Children is the oldest charity of its special kind in London. It is not by any means a rich one; and although the annual subscriptions are steadily maintained, and there has been a slight increase in the donations, there is a falling off of some hundreds of pounds in the total income, owing to the fact that it has been found impracticable to have a dinner in aid of the hospital funds this year. Then the charity is some hundreds of pounds in debt for building expenses, and in view of this temporary "shortness" of ready money, a motion was unanimously carried suggesting that a Jubilee Fund of £1000 be raised to free the hospital from indebtedness, and that a subscription list be forthwith opened.

Among the honorary life-governors who expressed to Mr. Kestin, the secretary, their regret at being precluded by prior engagements from attending the meeting, were Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. J. L. Toole. I note their names because the two accomplished actors in question generously responded to an appeal which I made to them a few years since, to give their most valuable aid, by recitation at a concert at Willis's Rooms, for the benefit of the Royal Hospital for Women and Children. The result was a substantial addition to the coffers of the charity. All over the world actors and actresses are always prompt to come to the front when a work of charity and mercy is in hand. At Melbourne there has been built, or is being built, an additional wing to the local Hospital for Women, and it bears the name of the "Geneviève Ward Wing," in memory of the splendid act of benevolence of the eminent tragedienne in question, who presented to the Hospital the entire proceeds of a performance of the "Antigone" of Sophocles, at the Melbourne Townhall. Miss Geneviève Ward's noble enterprise was greatly furthered by the gracious help and counsel of Lady Loch, the wife of his Excellency the Governor of the colony.

And, finally, touching hospitals, may I say that the papa of two young ladies, whose names are pleasantly familiar to me, tells me that his daughters heard a sermon on Sunday, Feb. 27, the gist of which was the expediency of raising a Jubilee fund for the permanent endowment of all hospitals, both in London and in the provinces. They suggest "that I should take up the subject"; but at least a couple of columns would be required properly to ventilate it, so I must fain be content with noting the proposal. The pity and the trouble are that, although there is immense wealth in the country, there, just now, is an appreciable lack of ready cash among what I may call the great "giving" classes. This fact was proved to demonstration the other day by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when he received a deputation to urge the repeal of the carriage-tax. People, pointed out Mr. Goschen, are reducing the number of their carriages; and there is a corresponding falling off in the taxes paid for armorial bearings and men-servants.

With reference to the literary egotism of which the Distressed Compiler has been so unkindly accused, a correspondent refers me to a footnote, Vol. I., page 29, in Lady Burton's admirable edition for "family reading" of her gifted husband's translation of "The Arabian Nights." I read: "In Arabic the speaker always puts himself first, even if he address the King, without intending incivility, or the pretention of Wolsey's *Ego et Rex Meus*." But do we not, as a rule, act in a similar manner in England? If I wish to apologise to anyone, do I not say "I beg your pardon"? I do not say "Pardon is begged of you by him who has the honour to address you."

Mem.: We have all heard of the gentleman who, reluctant to break altogether with the traditional conventionalities used in concluding letters, subscribed himself thus: "Your obedient servant, indeed!"

At the first blush, there would certainly seem to be a very slight connection between the doctrine of homœopathy and the act of smashing the glass of a lamp with a peg-top. Yet, if Hahnemann's principle is really founded on the old Latin maxim "Similia similibus curantur," a military gentleman who was fined at a police court lately for having with a peg-top, as aforesaid, broken one of the lamps outside the Houses of Parliament, may, after a fashion, be considered a homœopathist of a certainly rough-and-ready order. The gentleman has a grievance against the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, who, he said, had acted illegally towards him. So, being unable, according to his showing, to obtain redress, he went and smashed the lamp with a peg-top. Like cures like, he apparently argued. Something illegal had been done to him, and he endeavoured to cure the illegality by committing an act of illegality on his own account. The magistrate failed to see the logic of the homœopathic remedy for unlawfulness, and fined the lamp-breaker.

In the luminous, erudite, and epigrammatic address on "University Extension" which the Right Hon. John Morley delivered at the Mansion House, he raised a most important question touching the number of books that a lover of reading should possess. Said Mr. Morley, *inter alia*—

The head of my old college at Oxford (Mark Pattison), who was a book-lover, if ever there was one, used to complain that the bookseller's bill in an ordinary middle-class family was shamefully small, and that it was monstrous that a man with a thousand a year should spend less than £1 a week in books. He said that such a man ought to spend a shilling in the pound, at least, on books per annum. I know that the Chancellor of the Exchequer takes eightpence or so in the pound from us, and I am not sure that they always spend it so wisely as if they left it to us to buy books with. Still, a shilling in the pound for a clerk making £200 a year, and a working man who earns only a quarter of that amount, is rather more, I think, than can be reasonably expected. I do not think, for my own part, that a man does want a great many books. Mr. Pattison said that nobody who respected himself should have less than a thousand volumes, and he pointed out that a thousand octavo volumes could be got into a bookcase 13 ft. long, 10 ft. high, and 6 in. deep.

My own feelings as to the number of books which a lover of

reading should possess are analogous to the aspiration of the sailor for "All the grog and baccy in the world!" "And after that?" asked a friend. "More baccy," replied Jack. I hope to add a few more thousands of books to my present modest store; but, at the same time, I readily grant that a very compendious and useful library can be formed from a thousand books, and even from a smaller number of tomes. For example, on the table beside me stands a neat portable two-shelfed book-case, about 20 in. high, containing about fifty thin volumes. They are clearly printed, on good paper, and the price of the whole set is ridiculously cheap. I cannot give a list of the entire series, but I pick at random from the shelves Crabbe's "Poems," Bacon's "New Atlantis," Hackluyt's "Voyagers' Tales," Plutarch's "Lives of Alcibiades, Coriolanus, Aristides, and Cato the Censor," Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," "Peter Plymley's Letters," Walton's "Complete Angler," and Swift's "Battle of the Books." If, *absit omen!* I were condemned to two years' solitary confinement in one of her Majesty's jails, but by a special act of grace I were allowed to have Cassell's National Library in my cell, I feel sure that the time would not hang heavy on my hands; and I am equally certain that I should know at the expiration of my sentence a great deal more about books and their authors than is at present the case.

The number for March of *Temple Bar* contains a most readable and graphically written article signed "Millicent Erskine Wemyss" on "Lord George Gordon and the Riots of 1780." It may fairly be said that most of what nine-tenths of the noble army of readers know of the crazy Lord, who died in Newgate, is derived from the description of Lord George given by Charles Dickens in "Barnaby Rudge." The great novelist was indebted for the greater part of his information touching the "No Popery" enthusiast to careful study of the pages of the *Annual Register*. But the writer in *Temple Bar* has gone to other, and hitherto neglected, sources of knowledge on the subject. It is practically new, for example, to learn that in his youth Lord George was in the Navy; that he successfully contested the representation of Inverness-shire in Parliament with Fraser of Lovat. This, I apprehend, must have been the Master of Lovat, the son and heir of old Simon Lord Lovat, whose portrait was drawn by Hogarth, and whose wicked old head was cut off on Tower-hill after the '45. Lord George Gordon, one also learns from the *Temple Bar* article, gave, on the occasion of his victorious election, a magnificent ball at Inverness, hiring a ship to bring thither from the Isle of Skye fifteen young ladies—all of the family of McLeod—all beautiful, and the pride and delight of the Highlands. To the end of his chequered days Lord George was partial to music and dancing; in Newgate, Mrs. Wemyss tells us, the captive played the violin, had six or seven guests to dinner every day, enjoyed concerts, and gave dancing parties. Mrs. Wemyss does not agree with the general verdict that Lord George Gordon was mad. She holds that he was only extravagantly vain; that he never lost either his powers of acting rationally and consistently with a view to the success of his designs; nor did he lose his self-control under circumstances that might well have tried the nerves of the strongest.

Of course, as a law-abiding Briton, I bow with the deepest reverence to all the decisions, be they on important or on the most trifling matters, pronounced by her Majesty's Judges. Their words are always words of wisdom; they cannot err. I confess, however, that I occasionally come across judicial expositions of the law which, figuratively speaking, take my breath away. For instance, a few days since, in a trade-marks suit the learned Judge incidentally observed—

It must be known to customers that all cigars were marked as Havannah, whether made there or not. He would not say whether such user was, in the first instance, right or wrong; but it did not now indicate, nor had it for many years indicated, to the public, wary or unwary, other than those buying a twopenny or threepenny Havannah for the first time, that the word was used in such a way as to be a fraud. All importers and dealers were at liberty to place the word "Havannah" on their boxes.

The dictum is, of course, strictly correct; still, it may astound the non-legal mind. If it be warrantable to pass off cigars imported from Hamburg or Bremen, or New Orleans, or Key West, or Jamaica, as Havana cigars, it is, I suppose, equally permissible to describe as genuine Havanass, cigars manufactured at the East-End of London, or at Liverpool. Great is Themis, of the New Palace in the Strand, W.C., and marvellous are her mysteries!

We are promised a rigorously searching inquiry into certain charges brought forward by those honourable members of Parliament, Mr. Howell, Mr. Bradlaugh, and Mr. Labouchere, in connection with the alleged improper expenditure of public money by a committee of the Corporation of London in opposing Sir William Harcourt's dead and buried London Municipal Reform Bill. The inquiry may possibly be scandalous, and scandal is not any business of mine. At present it is only in its drolly amusing aspect that I refer to the matter. Among the items of expenditure objected to by the Parliamentary Purists are—hire of halls, payment of speakers, *hire of audiences*, cost of advertising resolutions passed at bogus meetings, remuneration of secretary at the rate of £960 per annum, remuneration of reporters, and costs of "chuckers-out." How much does a "chucker-out" charge for "chucking"? Is there a graduated scale for pummelling people, and dragging them out of a hall?

Mem.: "Chuckers-out" are not quite so modern as the majority of my readers may imagine. At the Coronation of George IV. a hired band of professional prize-fighters were stationed at the Great West door of the Abbey for the purpose of "chucking-out" Queen Caroline, should that injured Queen have succeeded in obtaining admission to the sacred edifice. You see that there was no Metropolitan Police at the time, and that the Bow-street runners were too busy in looking after the pickpockets. The special constables sworn in for the occasion were not wholly to be depended upon—many of their number being Carolinians—so a band of paid "bruisers" was posted at the door to keep the peace by breaking it if necessary.—G. A. S.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Whilst the war of words, words, words still keeps the Commons battling, as a rule, till one or two o'clock in the morning, the Lords, with a decorum and a dispatch all their own, continue their course of useful legislation, diversified occasionally by an academic discourse of considerable erudition, such as that which the Duke of Marlborough delivered last Monday on the possible effect of the exchange value of an Indian rupee upon agriculture in this country. Albeit this ingenious speech may have reminded Lord Salisbury of the historic discussion of the nice question as to how many angels can dance on a pin's point, the Prime Minister kept his counsel and his countenance. His Lordship courteously referred the noble Duke to the Currency Royal Commission. With regard to the Opposition in the Upper House, the leaders have an easy, lounging time of it generally: Earl Spencer alone usually sitting on the alert, lest a hurricane from the Irish Sea should suddenly blow Boanerges (Lord Ashbourne) into the Chamber; Lord Kimberley, gazing opposite at Lord Cross as if he could never get over his astonishment at the relegation of that Lancashire Baron to the Secretaryship of India; the Marquis of Ripon comforting himself by a sedulous maintenance of the portly and dignified mien he presumably cultivated when Viceroy; and Earl Granville, habitually reclining with accustomed grace, vainly seeking a crevice in the Premier's armour. For the sake of variety, it is true, Earl Granville did, indeed, remember on Monday that he happened to be Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. In a manner, the noble Lord, resolving himself into a yachtsman, "hitched up his slacks," and amiably poured a placid broadside into the Dover Corporation Harbour Bill. But he didn't sink it. Earl Stanhope had the satisfaction of seeing it enter the haven of the second reading by a majority of five. The same day Lord Grimthorpe made the judicious gripe by poking fun at the Primate, apropos of whose Church Patronage Bill he elicited a gentle ripple of laughter by remarking that it would probably foster "a separate committee in each village public-house—the High Church at the Bull and the Low Church at the Bear."

The public may be congratulated on the fact that the Marquis of Salisbury (who has himself used the electric light for the purposes of illumination) on Tuesday brought his sound common-sense to bear upon Departmental obstruction to the progress of the electric light. In lucid phrase, the noble Marquis pointed out the inadvisability of continuing this obstruction; and Lord Thurlow's Electric Lighting Act Amendment Bill was read a second time without opposition. The Law Lords, for their part, have done useful work also in expediting such serviceable measures as Lord Hobhouse's Copyhold Enfranchisement Bill. In other directions, such as in the reform of the Copyright Acts permitting dramatic piracy, their Lordships would find scope for legislation which would gain for them the lasting gratitude of many hard-working writers at present despoiled of their property.

Mr. W. H. Smith (although likened by Mr. Parnell, with rather mixed metaphor, on Tuesday to "a gaudy butterfly" and to "Jupiter") indubitably improves and strengthens his position as Leader of the Commons, thus justifying the estimate formed of his capacity in these columns. The Marquis of Hartington evidently contemplates him approvingly from beneath the shade of his hat, ever tilted well down over his head; and Mr. Smith plainly regards approbation from him as approbation indeed. Secure of this Unionist tower of strength (who is, in his turn, still sure of the support of his immediate neighbours on the front Opposition bench, Sir Henry James and Mr. "Orchid" Chamberlain, with the Unionist Brigade generally), Mr. Smith faces unflinchingly the remainder of the divided Opposition leaders, headed by Mr. Gladstone, cheerfully confident Mr. John Morley, and smugly self-satisfied Sir William Harcourt. Nor does Mr. Smith blench beneath the cold, steely, and inflexible antagonism of Mr. Parnell, or the boisterous opposition of the compact body of Home Rulers. The unflinching tact, sound judgment, and courtesy of the First Lord of the Treasury, indeed, are worthy the warmest praise.

The Commons are still occupied on the new rules and regulations for accelerating the business of the House, which is terribly in arrears. The task of hon. members would be simplified were they to recognise the truth that it is impossible to pour a gallon of liquor into a pint jug. Each year every Government proclaims a programme of legislation sufficient to engross Parliament for a twelvemonth instead of the six months that the Session usually lasts. In order to make due progress with legislation, accordingly, not only should the Closure be enforced and each Procedure clause that is rational be adopted, and a reasonable number of Committees be appointed, but the House should, in these pressing times, at least sit for nine months. Mr. Parnell continues to be Mr. Smith's most persistent opponent. The hon. member's aim being to tire the Imperial Parliament into granting Ireland Home Rule, he pertinaciously and inch by inch contests the right of the Government to curtail debate by these new Closure rules. But, grace to the alliance of Liberal Unionists with the Conservative Party in power, the Ministry maintains a good working majority in the numerous divisions that take place on Procedure, to enumerate which would be tedious.

The adversaries of the Corporation of the City of London had an innings on Tuesday. Play was lively, Mr. Labouchere was obviously captain of the hostile team. Though Mr. George Howell, one of the softest speaking men who ever scuttled Corporations, moved the adjournment of the House in order to gravely arraign the City Fathers for the alleged corrupt spending of public money to manufacture "bogus" opinion against the late London Municipal Reform Bill, Mr. Labouchere pulled the strings. The hon. and orthodox member for Northampton had prepared the way for Mr. Howell by publishing in *Truth* a number of explicit charges of extraordinary payments made by too-zealous partisans of the City. Alderman Sir Robert Fowler sought to brush the allegations aside as "anonymous tittle-tattle." But thereupon, Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Labouchere made themselves responsible for the charges, evidence of which the latter hon. member had safely locked up "in a burglar-proof safe." An appropriate place, retorted Lord George Hamilton, seeing that the papers had been "stolen or purloined." Not so, rejoined Mr. Labouchere, who avows himself ready to make good every charge before a Commission of inquiry. This, at the earnest instigation of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Smith promptly agreed should be appointed. Altogether, a smart innings on the part of MM. Labouchere, Howell, and Bradlaugh. But there can be little doubt the City Eleven will hit hard and skilfully even against the most insidious "screws" of Mr. Labouchere.

The expedition under Mr. Stanley for the relief of Emin Pasha sailed from Zanzibar for the Congo yesterday week.

Our Views of Nice and Monaco are copied from Frith's series of photographs of the Riviera. We are indebted to a lady correspondent, Miss Grimes, Oakley-square, for Sketches of Oneglia and Diano Marina.

THE COURT.

Yesterday week the Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany. Prince Henry of Battenberg hunted with her Majesty's stag-hounds. The meet was at Binfield, and there was an unusually large field. This being the birthday of her Royal Highness Princess Alice of Albany, Mr. George Ashton had the honour of exhibiting his Marionettes to the Royal children at Windsor Castle in the afternoon. The children of the Hon. Mary Trefusis were invited. The Italian Ambassador, the German Ambassador, the Earl of Lathom, Lord Chamberlain, the Hon. Lady Biddulph, and General the Right Hon. Sir H. Ponsonby, K.C.B., had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. On Saturday the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess of Albany; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, attended by the Hon. Lady Biddulph and General Sir Michael Biddulph, K.C.B., went to London in the morning. The Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany, attended by Lady Collins, left the Castle in the afternoon for Claremont. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Margaret, and Prince Arthur of Connaught, returned from London in the evening. Their Royal Highnesses honoured the performance at Olympia with their presence in the afternoon; and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg were present in the evening at a concert at the Grosvenor Hotel, given in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Sick Children. The Queen and Royal family and the members of her Majesty's household attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor on Sunday morning. The Very Rev. Randall Davidson, Dean of Windsor, officiated. The Marquis of Hartington had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family; General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby, K.C.B., and the Very Rev. Randall Davidson, D.D., Dean of Windsor, had also the honour of being invited. On Monday the French, Austrian, and Turkish Ambassadors, and Lord and Lady Cadogan, arrived at Windsor Castle on a visit to the Queen, and were included in the Royal dinner party. Earl Granville was also invited. The Queen, accompanied by Prince, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived in London on Wednesday afternoon from Windsor; and on Thursday her Majesty held the first Drawing-room of the season.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Colonel Clarke and Mr. Sykes, M.P., arrived at Charing-cross Station at half-past four on Tuesday morning by special train from Dover. The Princess, accompanied by her three daughters, arrived at Marlborough House yesterday week from Sandringham. Last Saturday evening her Royal Highness, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and her daughters, visited Drury-Lane Theatre. The Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, was present at Divine service on Sunday morning, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. By command of the Queen, the Prince held the first Levée of the season at St. James's Palace on Tuesday. About 220 presentations were made. His Royal Highness was accompanied by Prince Albert Victor. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princess Louise of Wales, visited the Court Theatre.

At a special pension of the Society of Gray's Inn, held yesterday week, Master the Duke of Connaught was elected treasurer for the year 1887-8.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer, Slade Professor of Fine Arts, has been elected an honorary Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford.

The annual football-match between England and Wales was played last Saturday at Kennington Oval. The English team won by four goals to none.

The third of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's interesting vocal recitals took place at Prince's Hall yesterday (Friday) evening, when the programme comprised a varied selection of pieces.

The inmates of Brompton Hospital were entertained on Tuesday last by a concert and a dramatic performance, both very good, under the direction of Lady Freake, who for many years has taken a great interest in the charity.

The third annual show of hackney horses and thoroughbreds, arranged by the Hackney Stud-Book Society and the Hunters' Improvement Society, has been held this week at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

Mr. Gladstone has effected permanent reductions on several of the larger farms on the Hawarden estate; and Earl Fitzwilliam has made a reduction of 25 per cent on the rents of his Yorkshire tenants.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Albert Hall corporation, held on Monday, Mr. H. C. Rothery, who presided, explained its financial position, which he considered was more satisfactory than at any previous period. He said the application for a supplemental charter was still under her Majesty's consideration, and he described a scheme recommended by the council for raising the floor of the Hall. A discussion followed, mainly on financial matters disclosed in the report of a sub-committee. The Prince of Wales was re-elected president, and the meeting decided to raise the seat rate to its limit of two pounds for the ensuing year.

An official notification has been issued to manufacturers and others engaged in industries in which art is more or less concerned that the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have decided to make arrangements for the admission of a limited number of persons employed in those industries to study in the South Kensington Museum, Library, and Schools, without the payment of any fees, from periods of from two to nine months, according to circumstances. Detailed rules with regard to these working studentships will be sent on application to the Department. Briefly, the conditions may be stated to be that the designer or workman for whom admission is sought shall show that he has sufficient power of drawing and sketching to be able to profit by the opportunities afforded; that he is actually engaged in some art industry; and that the proprietors of the works in which he is engaged undertake to maintain him while he is studying at South Kensington.

A meeting of the Royal Commission of the Adelaide Jubilee Exhibition was held in the Levée-room, Horse Guards, on Monday. During the five months previous to the appointment of the Royal Commission 207 exhibitors applied to the London Committee of the Adelaide Royal Commission for 30,791 ft. of space in the Industrial Department; but during the five succeeding months these numbers have been increased by 677 exhibitors and 66,561 ft. of space, which more than covers the whole ground originally allotted to the northern hemisphere, additional buildings having been required for the machinery department. The half of the exhibition buildings which have been retained for the Colonies and countries in the southern hemisphere will also be amply filled, New South Wales and Victoria alone having transferred to Adelaide the contents of their courts which attracted so much attention at the recent Colonial and Indian Exhibition, besides voting considerable sums to assist their exhibitors to do honour to the chief celebration of the Jubilee year in Australia.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Those members of the dramatic profession who, being able to attend, missed Henry Irving's recital of "Hamlet" at the Birkbeck Institution, on the evening of Ash Wednesday, must be condoled with for their carelessness. For it was no mere reading of Shakspeare's masterpiece, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. It was utterly unconventional, and wholly interesting to the student. There are readers and reciters, familiar to us all, who adopt a method easiest to themselves, and most palatable to their audience. But they cannot have the experience, or the tact, or the mental grasp of the play that Mr. Irving possesses. We have all of us often heard it said that a good stage manager can act every part in the play—that is to say, can quickly convey to the performer his idea how every part can be most effectively rendered. Of such stage managers there have been a few in our time; and among the best of them may be mentioned Dion Boucicault, Charles Fechter, Tom Robertson, and John Hare. Henry Irving possesses the same great gift of personation; and he recited "Hamlet," not for the purpose of merely showing what a good idea he had of the character of Hamlet, but how he had mastered the play in every scene, idea, and detail. The reciter showed, clearly enough, that, admirable as he is and is known to be as Hamlet, his performance of Horatio, the King, the Ghost, or the First Gravedigger, would have been equally remarkable. All this shows an extraordinary versatility, and proves once more what an excellent actor or personator Mr. Irving is. With Horatio and the Gravedigger, with Hamlet and the King, what characteristics are there in common? And yet each was presented as a distinct and individualised type of character. The undertaking was a very arduous one. To recite almost the whole play of "Hamlet," and to become each one of the characters presented, is a tremendous tax on the physical energy of the reciter. And yet, so strong was the wave of personal influence in the hall that few could take their eyes off Mr. Irving. He never once allowed the attention of his audience to flag. In fact the last words of the play were the most impressive. When Hamlet was dead, and Horatio had commended his soul to Heaven, there was a solemn and impressive silence in the room, the key-note to which was given by Mr. Irving himself. He stood rapt in reverie. It was only when he relaxed that far-away look into distance and moved slowly away that the audience broke out into unrestrained applause. A silly story has got about that the reciter was once interrupted and irritated by the disturbance of late-comers, and pointed his annoyance by emphasising the words "Let the doors be locked upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house.'" Such a tale may be *ben trovato* but it is decidedly not *vero*. Those who came late slipped into their places as quietly as they could, and so courteous a gentleman as Mr. Irving was not likely to resent so-called rudeness with any sign of temper or suspicion of irritability. He was throughout calm, grave, and absorbed in his subject. In fact, he was so thoroughly engrossed that I question much if he noticed any late-comers at all.

The recent performance of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," at the Opera Comique, might certainly have been better. But recent experience tells us that, in the long future, these revivals of old comedies will probably be far worse than they are at present. Encouraged by audiences satiated with the irreverent and inartistic nonsense known as "farical comedy," hounded on to pantomimic extravagance by those who have no sense of proportion, no idea of culture, no feeling for art, a Tony Lumpkin is voted slow who does not bawl and bellow and kick about his legs like a child in a passion; a Diggory cannot make what he is pleased to call his "points;" unless he continually marches about the place and turns Mr. Harcastle's room into a barrack-yard. All the special excellence, the fine bouquet, the rare flavour of the old comedies are but scantily appreciated in these days. The modern palate wants fiery alcohol, not the luscious juice of the grape matured in wood or bottle. A theatrical gin-sling is as good as a rare glass of dramatic claret. And if this nonsense is the "tradition" of 1887, if your Tony Lumpkins and Diggorys and Moses and Sir Benjamin Backbites hand down these extravagant tricks to their descendants, what on earth will become of poor Sheridan and Goldsmith ten or twenty years hence? The prospect is not a cheerful one. To revive Goldsmith and Sheridan in such a way as to win back to the playhouse those who are sick to death with unintelligent farce; to reproduce a classic in order to give pleasure to such as can find no amusement whatever in pantomimic extravagance, is no doubt an excellent thing; but to subject our old stage-masters to the violent treatment that will tickle the jaded palates of late-diners, the "masher," and the miss; that will woo the music-hall habitués from the roaring nonsense of "Two Lovely Black Eyes!" or "They're All Very Fine and Large," is to the judicious a very grave mistake. At least, those of us who have any reverence left object to the farcical-comedy treatment of old Dr. Johnson's contemporaries. I regret to learn that Miss Kate Vaughan was extremely unwell when Goldsmith's famous play was revived, and that she acted whilst suffering great agony. No one could accuse so gentle and artistic a lady of a semblance of boisterousness. Her Miss Harcastle was a very pretty and graceful performance, so much in miniature that it was almost crushed by its surroundings. One swallow cannot make a summer. It is just true that the cast was not quite judiciously chosen, for there were many square pegs in round holes; but it is not too late to remedy the mistake made at the outset. From an artistic point of view, the play has gone far better since the first performance.

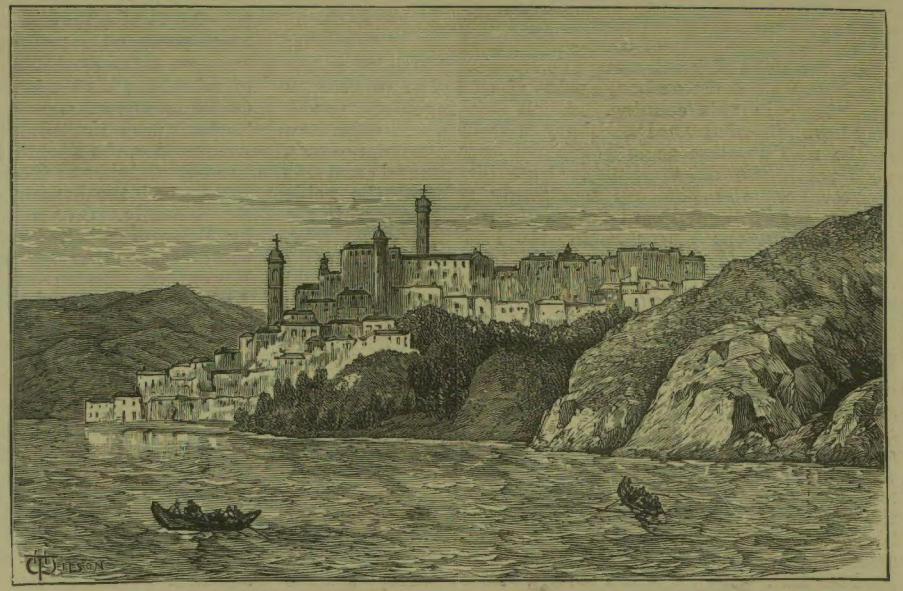
None of us who saw it can have forgotten "Man and Wife," dramatised by Wilkie Collins, at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, in February, 1873. The Geoffrey Delamayne of Mr. Charles Coghlan visibly stands out: the brutal, unimaginative lover in the heavy driving-coat; the kind of man who, brute as he is, fascinates women by his mere physical strength; the type of scoundrel who sways tender, lovable creatures who, like the Irish car-driver's horse, "like to be oppressed!" It was a splendid realisation of a bold, bad, handsome man. When the revival was proposed at the Haymarket, Mr. Beerbohm Tree was cast for Geoffrey. He would have made something out of the part. He always does. Whatever he shows is interesting, and bears the stamp of a thoughtful and original mind. But Mr. Tree, when this old play is revived, will leave the Haymarket Theatre, and the part will fall to Mr. Willard, another extremely interesting and always artistic actor. Mr. Brookfield will probably appear as Bishopriggs, the old talkative Scotch waiter, a strong character part; and when the leading lady is announced, the chorus of society will be, "Oh, what a surprise!" C. S.

A two-days' benefit for Mr. William Holland, the well-known manager of the Albert Palace, began last Saturday morning and was continued on Monday. The programme was an exceedingly full one, including nearly all the most noted music-hall attractions, as well as some representatives of the theatres.

T H E E A R T H Q U A K E O N T H E R I V I E R A .



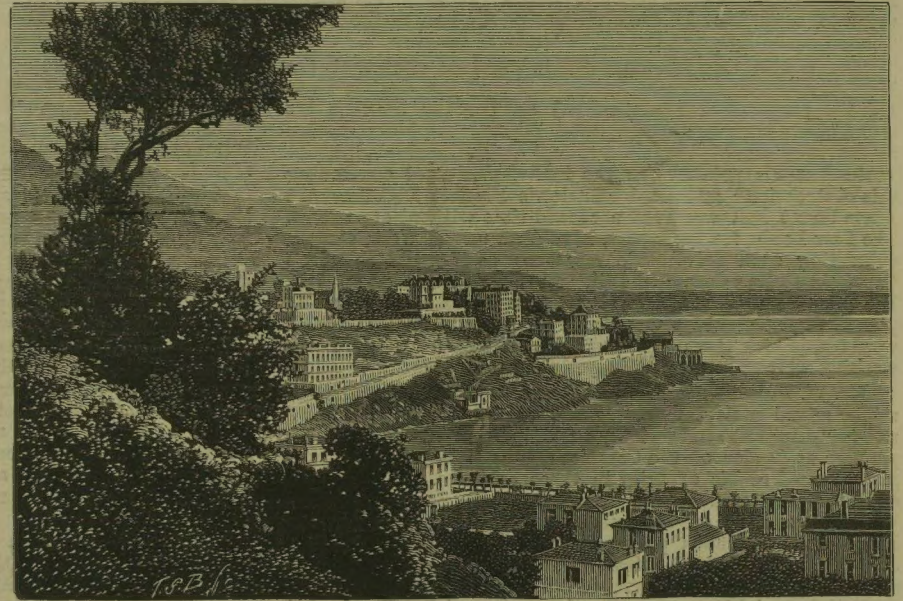
ONEGLIA, ON THE ITALIAN RIVIERA.



DIANO MARINA, ITALIAN RIVIERA.



MONACO.



MONTE CARLO.



ENCAMPMENT IN THE RUE PERTINAX, NICE.

THE EARTHQUAKE ON THE RIVIERA.



ROOM IN HOTEL AT MENTONE AFTER THE FIRST SHOCK.



BIVOUAC UNDER THE ORANGE-TREES AT MENTONE.



ENCAMPMENT IN THE PLACE SASSERINO, NICE.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Whatever other powers Mrs. Gladstone may or may not possess she certainly has that of listening well. The air of attention and absorbed interest with which she regarded one and all of the speakers at the meeting of the Federation of Women's Liberal Associations, over which she presided, was a lesson in a difficult but charming art. Have you ever thought how many more people can talk fluently than can listen perfectly? Mrs. Gladstone (probably from long practice) is a splendid listener. She read her little speech from a sheet of note-paper. Though her hand trembled violently, her voice was steady, but so gentle that I fear it was not audible very far off. She spoke with a just emphasis, and was particularly resolute in her declaration that though her views on the action of women in public life were doubtless old-fashioned, she did not admit that they were out of date: "I stick to my guns about that." But if women are to take up public duties at all, then it should be openly and honestly, and not by backstairs influence; and so she supported the women's Liberal associations. Mrs. Gladstone is not showy, nor is she dowdy, but looks an "old-fashioned," honoured, beloved, devoted, and loving wife and mother. Not much else; but nevertheless such a woman as it is good to know is a common English type, and such as no change in the accepted duties of womanhood and no widening of the ordinary sphere of women will ever send "out of date." She wore a mantle of blue-black stamped velvet, trimmed with chenille, and a large "old lady's" bonnet of black lace, with black feather; her hair is drawn down upon the temples and curved back a little full over the ears, as it was worn by everybody thirty years ago.

Most of the ladies there were quite elderly—not a bit like one average lady Primrose Leaguer. Black, therefore, naturally predominated amongst the costumes. Mrs. Bright Lucas wore a black silk dress, plush long coat, and lace bonnet. Mrs. Theodore Fry, the hon. secretary of the Federation (who also was once a "Friend," but who lately went to Court in gold satin and black velvet and jet), wore a black velvet mantle profusely trimmed with jet. Lady Dilke was all in grey, her mantle trimmings and bonnet being of light astrachan. Mrs. Walter McLaren was in a biscuit-coloured vicuna tailor-made gown; Mrs. Stanton-Blatch, B.A., in a darker brown cashmere. Amongst other ladies present were Lady Constance Shaw, Lady Mappin, and the Hon. Mrs. Ashley Ponsonby. There were at least 300 ladies in the gathering.

As to the speeches that were made, there was nothing said of much consequence. It was a very significant fact that seven gentlemen spoke, and only two ladies besides Mrs. Gladstone. One of the ladies, after severely jeering at the "No-party party," advised us to always saturate our minds with one side of a question before we consented to hear the opposite side; the other described Women's Suffrage as a "crotchet," and declared that in the new association they mean to abandon all personal fads, and to think of the party and nothing but the party. After this, Mr. Stansfeld's speech, high-minded and earnest as his addresses always are, seemed a little out of place, for he advised the association to consider it their duty to try to "moralise their party," and spoke with scorn of "slavish obedience to the party whip." But the normal tone of the meeting was restored when Mr. Woodall, M.P., rejoiced in the "strong and hearty party tone" of the Federation; and Mr. Schnadhorst, the arch-caucus-maker of Birmingham, expressed himself ready to "give the executive committee some private lessons"; and Mr. Theodore Fry, M.P., hoped that they would be able to help Mr. Gladstone back to office to carry Home Rule. Mr. Walter McLaren, M.P., very sensibly and rather sarcastically rebuked the executive committee for refusing to make the obtaining of just laws for women and children a part of their special programme, and substituting an abstract, general, and therefore pointless, profession of advocating "justice for everybody." No one of the speakers seemed to see the ridiculous inconsistency of forming this association of women to descend into the rough political arena, to go to beg for men's votes, and to try to persuade men to hold this and that opinion, while still pretending to consider it an open question whether women should have votes of their own to use. To vote is to really influence politics, but to do so quietly and silently, and in a far more ladylike, as well as more effective, fashion, than by begging for men's votes.

I am obliged to write too early to be able to give much information about her Majesty's Drawingroom on Thursday, but I have had a peep at a few of the gowns. The favourite colours are the various shades of pinkish mauve called heliotrope, yellow, and grey. It is always safe to conclude that those tints which prevail in the Drawingroom dresses will be the fashionable colours of the season; and so we may conclude that mauve, grey, and yellow will be much seen on the spring bonnets, and in the spring materials. Yellow combines wonderfully well with grey, and heliotrope and yellow form also an excellent harmony if the shades be discreetly selected.

A most beautiful gown combines all three tints. The petticoat is yellow satin, which has an embroidery of plomb (lead grey) beads, reaching in a Byzantine pattern up to the knee; the bodice, train, and panniers which partly drape the top of the skirt, are of dark heliotrope velvet, the train being lined with yellow satin and edged with a thick lead-grey cord. Another arrangement of the same colours is found in a petticoat and bodice of white satin, on which large yellow tulips are closely hand-painted; the bodice is relieved by braces and shoulder-straps of heliotrope velvet, and by a plentiful trimming of old Brussels lace as a berthe. The train, put on full from the waist, is heliotrope velvet, lined with pale yellow silk, and trimmed at intervals with bouquets of tulips and ostrich plumes. One more gown may be described as illustrating the combination of grey and yellow. It consists of a train and bodice of steel-grey satin, the train lined with lemon-coloured faille Française, and caught back here and there, in revers, with big steel buckles and clusters of mixed lemon and grey feathers. The petticoat is of the grey satin, with a panel, towards the left side, of lemon silk, richly embroidered in steel.

Another dress that I have seen is a striking combination of coral-pink and pale blue, the corsage and petticoat being pink, and the train from the shoulder blue corded silk, trimmings of beetles-wing embroidery on gauze going down one side of the train, and passing from the left hip to the right foot on the petticoat. Coffee-coloured satin and terra-cotta satin make another remarkable contrast, the train being of the deep yellow, and its lining and the petticoat (half veiled in lace) of the peculiar red. Some very beautiful brocades both in silk and in velvet are being made up. Many of these are patterned in stripes. Horse-chestnut blossom is a favourite garniture, its graceful shape and complaisant colour rendering it generally useful; wisteria and white lilac are also much employed this year. A young lady who has broken her arm has received special permission to wear a sling. It is to be of white satin completely covered with natural white hyacinths and guelder roses, these flowers being also employed for trimming her white satin train and tulle petticoat.

F. F. M.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

The arrangement at present is that on Tuesday, June 21, her Majesty will attend a thanksgiving service at Westminster Abbey. It is also intended that the day shall be kept as a general holiday.

It is officially announced that the Queen has been most graciously pleased to signify to the executive committee of the Women's Jubilee Offering her intention to devote to some charitable object, hereafter to be determined by her Majesty herself, whatever sum there may be beyond the amount (about £1200) which will be required for the reproduction of Marochetti's equestrian statue of the Prince Consort at Glasgow.

The Duke of Devonshire, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, has received a letter from the Prince of Wales on the Imperial Institute, inviting the co-operation of the members of the University in this tribute of love and loyalty to the Sovereign.

The Marquis of Bute has given £1000 towards the establishment of a National Institute for Wales at Cardiff for the advancement of literature, art, and science, as a Jubilee memorial. The scheme is expected to cost £17,000.

A representative meeting of the inhabitants of Bolton was held on Monday evening—the Mayor presiding—to discuss measures for celebrating the Jubilee. On the motion of the Mayor, it was resolved that contributions should be made to the Imperial Institute, and that locally a technical school should be established.

It is proposed, in connection with the Jubilee, to establish a hospital for consumptives in Belfast, where there are a very large number of sufferers from that disease, in consequence of the employment of the operatives in the mills and factories. Mr. Forster Green has proposed to build a free wing to one of the local hospitals, and to fit it up for the treatment of consumptive cases, provided the town raises £15,000 to supply the hospital with a permanent endowment.

A public meeting of members of the University and City of Oxford, last week, presided over by the Mayor, resolved, on the proposal of the Vice-Chancellor and Mr. A. Hall, M.P., to celebrate the Jubilee by contributing a sum of not less than £250 to the Imperial Institute, to build a free library and a school of science and art, or to make a gift to the Radcliffe Infirmary, as may be found most expedient.

At a meeting of the council of the Newcastle Royal Jubilee Exhibition, it was announced that it was her Majesty's intention to send for exhibition two pictures, one from Windsor Castle and the other from Buckingham Palace.

At a meeting held in the Industrial Hall, Dewsbury, the Mayor (Alderman Fox) in the chair, it was resolved to commemorate the Jubilee by subscribing to the Imperial Institute and providing a technical school and free library for the town. A subscription list was opened, and was headed by the firm of Messrs. Reynolds and Walker with £1000.

The Duke of Westminister, as Lord Lieutenant of Cheshire, presided over a county meeting at Chester Castle yesterday week in support of the Imperial Institute. After the proceedings the Lord Lieutenant subscribed £1000, Lord Egerton £100, and Mr. Legh £50.

The Marquis of Hartington was present at a county meeting held at Derby, on the same day, in support of the Imperial Institute, and proposed a resolution declaring the Institute to be the most appropriate memorial of the Queen's reign.

The Warrington Guardian announces that Sir Gilbert Greenall, M.P., who has from time to time given to Warrington large sums of money, has intimated his intention of making a Jubilee gift of £5000 in order to provide additional church accommodation for the poor districts of Warrington. Sir Gilbert will also give £500 to the old parish church of St. Helens, which is about to be renovated.

As a result of the recent meeting at the Mansion House, when donations were invited of which 70 per cent were to be devoted to the Imperial Institute and 30 per cent to the foundation of a commercial museum in the City, the Fishmongers' Company have sent a contribution of £1050; Messrs. Cook, Son, and Co., £500; Mr. Alderman Lawrence, £100; Alderman Sir J. C. Lawrence, £100; and Colonel Sibthorp, £100.

Lord Powis, Lord Penrhyn, Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P., Mr. S. Smith, M.P., and Mr. John Roberts, M.P., have each subscribed £250 for the foundation, at the University College of North Wales, of a number of Victorian Scholarships in commemoration of the Jubilee year. The Lord Lieutenant of Anglesey gives £50 a year for five years.

Sir F. T. Mappin, Bart., is to present a collection of pictures to the Sheffield Corporation to fill one of the galleries in the Mappin Art Gallery, established by the late Mr. Newton Mappin.—The Mayor of Sheffield has headed the local subscription list for the Jubilee with £1000.

The women employed in the Cheshire silk industry around Macclesfield have arranged to present to her Majesty, in honour of her Jubilee, a magnificent silk counterpane. The material of the coverlet will be rich plain satin, of a golden cream colour. At the foot of the coverlet is introduced the following scroll, edged in gold:—"Presented to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, in the year of her Jubilee, by the women of Macclesfield, in the county of Cheshire."

Our Illustration of the ruins of the Villa Cipollino, at Mentone, after the earthquake, is from a photograph by Anfossi, of that town.

A quarterly court of governors of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, was held on Thursday week at the hospital. The report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin), stated that since the last court all the 321 beds in the two buildings had been constantly occupied. The severity of the winter had caused a larger demand for the shelter and treatment of the hospital than had been usual, even at this season of the year; inasmuch that there were now 290 applicants waiting for the vacancies which occurred from day to day, compared with 232 at the last court. This institution had proved an incalculable blessing and comfort to numbers of sufferers; and, as the fixed income only represented about one-eighth of the annual expenditure, the committee—whilst grateful for much valuable support in the past—were compelled earnestly to solicit increased contributions to maintain this unended charity, and to enable it to meet the very real needs of the future. The committee continued to receive gratifying testimony to the benefits conferred by means of the hospital, as well as many tokens of gratitude for the same. The following legacies had been announced since the last court:—Miss Lloyd, £20; Mrs. Mills, £350; Captain W. B. Phillimore, £300; Mrs. Sinclair, £200. The committee thankfully acknowledged the receipt of the liberal grant of £589 13s. from the council of the Hospital Saturday Fund, a pleasing mark of their appreciation of the usefulness of the hospital. The number of patients admitted since November 25 was 339; discharged, many greatly benefited, 317; died, 54; new out-patient cases, 3433.

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Cornhill Magazine* is chiefly given up to sensation in the shape of "Jess" and "The Gaverocks." In the former, however, where the scene is laid in a wild and savage country, sensation seems more in order than in the latter, where it wears the aspect of artifice and trick. There can be no doubt that in "Jess" Mr. Haggard has displayed a pathos unusual with him, and a knowledge of human nature which his tales of adventure have not called forth. There is nothing else of note in the number except investigations of the problems, "The White Lady of the Hohenzollerns" and the mysterious disappearance of the English diplomatist Bathurst, whom some thought made away with by Napoleon, but who was more probably robbed and murdered by vulgar assassins.

Macmillan is less interesting than has usually been the case of late. Mr. Hardy's "Woodlanders" is as good as ever; but the only other contribution of much importance is one on General Lee, by Viscount Wolseley. Lord Wolseley's opinions on military subjects are entitled to great deference, but we do not believe that if he had for three days repulsed the attacks of a powerful enemy and driven him off the field at last, he would have allowed his exploit to be described as "a drawn battle." Nor do we believe that the interposition of a small body of regular troops, or allowing General Lee to have more of his own way, or anything else, could have altered the issue of the American Civil War.

"Gerald," in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, is a good story; but the best contributions are the descriptive—Mr. Runciman's sketch of "English Fishermen," Mrs. Craik's narrative of her tour in Antrim, and Miss Bertha Thomas's vivid picture of "George Sand's Country."

The leading contribution to *Blackwood* is Lord Rosslyn's poem on the Queen's Jubilee, which wants neither elevation of sentiment nor lyrical flow, but would be much improved by condensation. "Sarracinesca" is remarkably interesting, and is by far the best novel that Mr. Crawford has as yet produced. "Russian Soldiers" is a valuable paper, and Mr. Bent's "Revelations of Patmos" an entertaining one.

Murray's Magazine is scarcely equal to its opportunities. It will not do to depend overmuch on unpublished scraps from Lord Byron, though there is great spirit in the satirical ring in *Hobhouse's* committal to Newgate. "Turkey and the Prophets" holds out the prospect of reforms in which few will believe until they are actually accomplished. The best of the imaginative contributions is Andrée Hope's powerful story, "A Terrible Night."

The able and well-informed writer who discusses foreign affairs in the *Fortnightly Review*, this month treats of Russia. He speaks severely of the ignorance of the most influential Russian statesmen, and the ostracism of the well-informed; but highly estimates Russia's military strength, which he thinks far more than a match for Austria's. But he does not allude to the corruption and administrative rottenness by which that mighty force has been so often paralysed. General Willoughby briefly and modestly relates the incidents of the late Malagasy war, and undertakes that the French will never acquire a protectorate over Madagascar. Miss Mary Robinson tells the story of Valentine Visconti, an Italian Princess of the fourteenth century, "the origin of greater wars than Helen."

Mr. Gladstone's paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, on the "Homeric Conception of Neptune," contains many ingenious remarks, and less apparent paradox than usual. The distinguished writer is taken pretty smartly to task for his Irish policy in an article by Lord Brabourne. M. Reinach protests the pacific intentions of his countrymen, in which we, too, firmly believe. But we have more than once seen France hurried into war for private ends, against the genuine wishes of her people. Lord Grey and Sir Robert Stout write like statesmen—the former deprecating the abandonment of the weak and helpless in South Africa, the latter foreboding a union of Englishmen, to include not merely the Colonies, but the United States of America. "Twenty-four Hours in a Newspaper Office" is an interesting account of the organisation of a daily newspaper.

The *Contemporary Review* has two political articles by noblemen: one by Lord Thring, defending Home Rule as the only possible solution of the land question; another by Lord Selborne, criticising "the Radical programme." The attention of the writer of "Transylvanian Peoples" is chiefly given to the Roumanians, whom he regards as destined to dispossess the rest. Mr. Pennell's "Decline and Fall of Dr. Faustus" describes the humble imitations of Mr. Irving at East-End "penny gaffs" and travelling phantasmagoric shows.

The *National Review* has a very interesting account of the endeavours of the Indian Government to open up Tibet; a warm protest by Miss Alice Zimmern against the endeavour to make Plato a theosophist; and an excellent criticism on Rossetti by Mr. William Sharp.

In *Harper's Magazine* we chiefly notice excellent papers on the New York police department and duelling in Paris: in the *Century* the continuation of the biography of President Lincoln, and a vigorous sketch of his great War Minister, Stanton, a very rough diamond, but a very genuine one. The *Atlantic Monthly* has the continuation of Mr. Crawford's "Paul Patoff," and the commencement of Oliver Wendell Holmes's account of his recent visit to Europe.

Temple Bar has some very good contributions, the conclusion of "The Danvers' Jewels," able papers on Lord George Gordon and Napoleon's campaign of 1814, and "The True Story of Pickwick," with initials indicating the authorship of Mr. F. G. Kitton.

Messrs. Villars and Myrbach continue the amusing account of their autumn tour in England in the current issue of the *Art Journal*, and give the chief attraction to the number, which, in addition, contains little matter of interest apart from the articles on Seymour Lucas and Old London picture exhibitions. M. Myrbach's illustrations are quite equal in merit to his first instalment, although we are inclined to think that his method of execution rather interferes with the effect of his drawings when reproduced. An etching, after Seymour Lucas's picture "From the Field of Sedgemoor," by Mr. C. O. Murray, a frequent contributor to the *Art Journal*, is the full-page illustration.

In the *Magazine of Art* Sir James Linton contributes an article on "The Practical Education of the Artist," being the substance of a paper delivered at the Camden School, in which he makes a protest against the tendency of young English artists to imitate the style of the modern French realistic painters, a tendency which prevents the formation of any national characteristic school in England. The same number contains an etching of S. J. Solomon's "Cassandra," which was exhibited in last year's Academy; an article on Wotton Howe, by Grant Allen, illustrated by some capital sketches by Biscombe Gardner; and a continuation of Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's paper on "Some Treasures of the National Gallery."

"In Germany," says the editorial introduction to the *Classical Review*, "there are more than twenty periodicals devoted to the exclusive study of Classical Antiquity. English scholarship has produced up to the present time no single periodical of regular issue which devotes itself to the different requirements of classical students." The new undertaking seems likely to remove this reproach.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, March 1.

The earthquakes in the south can hardly be classified under Parisian events, but they have naturally been talked about as much as any other topic this week. They have even caused a certain joy, because they have sent back to Paris some hundreds of people of leisure whose presence is desirable in the interests of luxury and elegance of life. Given the splendour and convenience of Paris, and the general mildness of the winters, the Parisians see with regret the annual exodus southwards, and the continual shortening of the Parisian season.

But the great subject of talk and of thought still remains—the latent hostility between France and Germany. The recent elections have shown by striking figures that Alsace-Lorraine refuses to be Germanised. The vote of the lost provinces has caused a great impression in France. All sorts of theories are being aired about the future of the German Empire, and about the possibility of a peaceful solution of the present dangerous situation of extreme and intolerable distrust. Amongst many solutions here is one: Alsace-Lorraine shall be made an independent Principality, the neutrality of which shall be guaranteed by a European Congress; Germany and France being thus separated by a neutral country would be able to reduce their armaments, if not to disarm entirely. With this dream is to be compared the news of the suppression of the choral societies of Alsace, which are supposed to have the same object as the French Patriots' League, and also the announcement that the German Government is about to take all kinds of vexatious measures in order to combat French influence in the annexed provinces.

Drs. Charcot and Richer presented, a few days ago, to the Academy of Science an illustrated memoir, entitled "Les Démonsiaques dans l'Art," which is producing much furious ink-spilling in the camp of the Ultramontanes. *L'Univers* evidently considers Dr. Charcot to be an emissary of Beelzebub; and, although the Church has not yet pronounced, this journal declares the new science of hypnotism to be dangerous and unholy. There is no real reason for this onslaught. Dr. Charcot's memoir contains simply a continuation of his researches in the special field of hysteria, which, in the modern scientific sense of the term, signifies mysterious nervous disorders common to both sexes. The observations of Dr. Charcot and of his pupil at the Salpêtrière Asylum have reduced the apparently chaotic manifestations of fits, epilepsy, hysteria, and neurose to regular series; by the aid of photography and drawing they have noted all the attitudes of hysterical patients, and classified, simplified, and generalised them. Thus you now see on the walls of the Salpêtrière series of large drawings by Dr. Richer, representing the characteristic phases of a hysterical attack from the beginning to the end. Having thus studied the malady scientifically, Dr. Charcot and Dr. Richer proceeded to study it historically; and so they have noted in ancient works of art the attitudes equivalent to those noted by the photographers and draughtsmen of the Salpêtrière. The innumerable pictures reproducing episodes of the lives of the saints, or miracles of the casting out of devils, have especially furnished documents of great interest. In a miniature of the eleventh century, at Aix-la-Chapelle, hysterical contortions are distinctly represented. Andrea del Sarto, in one of his frescoes at Florence, has studied a demoniac from life. Raphael, in an episode of his "Transfiguration," has evidently painted a demoniac, as we now say, from *chic*, and not from a model. Rosselli, Domenichino, Adam Van Noort, and, above all, Rubens, have faithfully copied from nature the convulsions of what is now called grand hysteria. The new work of Drs. Charcot and Richer is most curious, and now that the attention of savants and artistes has been called to the field of research, doubtless many new iconographic documents will be discovered.

The anniversary of Feb. 24, 1848, was celebrated last Thursday without much enthusiasm. The principal event of the fête was the unveiling of a statue of Louis Blanc, on the Place Monge. The anarchists and revolutionaries disturbed the tranquillity of the ceremony by hissing, hooting, and by cries of "Vive la Commune!" The statue in question is, as a work of art, one of the most hideous which Paris can boast. Why Louis Blanc should have a statue erected to his memory it is hard to see. In 1848 he involuntarily harmed his country; in 1870 he was honourable, innocuous, and useless; up to his death he remained harmless and impotent; and all that he has left behind him is a sophisticated history of the Revolution of 1879 and of the Royalty of 1830.

M. Louis Rigondaud, alias Peyramont, director of the journal *La Revanche*, has been arrested and locked up in Mazas prison for having by his conduct exposed the State to a declaration of war. The arrest was made in virtue of Article 84 of the Penal Code, which is now applied for the first time since 1870. The noisy patriotism of *La Revanche*, and the wild threats made by this M. Peyramont, have led to his arrest, which seems to be universally approved.

T. C.

Signor Depretis has again resigned into the King of Italy's hands the commission authorising him to form a new Cabinet, and the King sent for Signor Biancheri, President of the Chamber, who is understood to have advised his Majesty to consult the leader of the Opposition.

The Second Chamber of the States-General of the Netherlands have concluded the general debate on the Bills for the revision of the Constitution.

The Emperor William was out driving on Sunday for over an hour in the Thiergarten, the weather being delightfully fine. His Majesty was enthusiastically cheered by thousands of pedestrians, who were taking advantage of the first fine spring day of the present season.—The returns of the German elections have all been received, and out of the 337 members elected to the new Reichstag, 206 are in favour of the Septennate, while it is by no means unlikely that the Centre Party of 90 will also vote for it.

The Emperor left Vienna for Pesth on Monday, to attend the sittings of the Delegations, which commenced on Tuesday.—In Pesth and Vienna the credits for equipping the Austro-Hungarian Landwehr and Landsturm have been unanimously voted by the respective Legislatures.—The Budget Bill for the year 1887 was passed by the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet on Tuesday by 219 to 104 votes. The expenditure is set down at 350,283,145 fl., and the receipts at 328,258,351 fl.

A rising of the soldiers at Silistria against the Regents of Bulgaria is reported from Bucharest, and the officers who were concerned in the deposition of Prince Alexander are said to have been instrumental in procuring this rising. Troops are being sent with all dispatch to the scene of the rebellion.

A telegram from New York states that slight shocks of earthquake were felt last Saturday morning at Charleston, Summerville, and the vicinity.—An English syndicate has secured the charter granted by the Legislature of the State of New York for utilising the water power at Niagara Falls for manufacturing and electric lighting purposes.

The elections to the new Legislative Assembly of New South Wales have been concluded, and result in the return of eighty-three declared Freetraders and forty-one Protectionists.

THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION.

A Reuter's telegram from Melbourne says:—The Executive Commissioners of the Melbourne Centennial International Exhibition have forwarded a circular to Great Britain and the other European States, and to the United States of America. The preamble says that the Victorian Government have decided to hold an Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Industries, showing the process in the manufacture of products of all nations. The exhibition will be opened on Aug. 1, 1888, in order to celebrate the centenary of the founding of the Colony of New South Wales, and will remain open for six months. The buildings will be specially erected in the Carlton Gardens, Melbourne, and will be open in the evenings as well as during the day. The Commission invites the British, Foreign, and Colonial Governments to participate in the undertaking, and trusts that steps will promptly be taken by them for the completest possible representative display. It is pointed out that the population of Australasia is 3,500,000, that the imports of British goods annually amount in value to £32,000,000, and that 7700 miles of railway are open for traffic, while over 2000 miles of line are in course of construction. It is requested that applications for space may be made before the end of August this year. The space will be free, and the motive power free. Power is reserved to reduce the railway carriage for free goods admitted in bond. It is also requested that all particulars for the official catalogue may be sent in before June, 1888. Inventions will be protected by the Patent Laws of Victoria. Goods will be received from May 1, 1888, and the courts will be completed by July 15 of that year. The Commission is animated by a desire to make the Exhibition specially interesting in manufacturing processes, machinery, &c., in motion, and objects of manual labour. There will also be a picture gallery, lighted by electricity. The awards will be made by qualified jurors. Representative countries will nominate their own jurors. There will be gold, silver, and bronze medals, and certificates of honourable mention. It is added that all particulars may be obtained from the Agent-General in London or the Executive Commissioners in Melbourne.

Our Sketches of the Kootenay River and Lake, in British Columbia, with the article, "Home-hunting," in which they are described, were contributed by Mr W. A. Baillie-Grohman, and will be continued.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Manchester, and the Dean of Westminster were among those who took part in a service at Westminster Abbey, on Thursday week, when the Rev. F. F. Goe was consecrated Bishop of Melbourne.

The London School Board on Thursday week, after several weeks' discussion, adopted the budget submitted by the Chairman of the Budget Committee. It requires the rating authorities to provide £1,070,324 for the purposes of the Board during the year ending March, 1888.

Copies of the various Colonial statutes and ordinances have been presented to the Bar Library, Royal Courts of Justice, by Sir H. Holland, who has also requested the Governors of the various Colonies to supply the library annually with copies of the statutes passed by their Legislatures.

Mr. John Morley, on Saturday last, gave the annual address to the supporters of the Society for the Extension of University Teaching, assembled in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House. "The Study of Literature" being the theme of his discourse, he reviewed the progress which had been made in extending the advantages of the best teaching to all classes, dwelling also upon the tendencies of the times, and pointing out what should be the motives, the aims, and the method of study. Mr. Goschen afterwards presided over a conference of those engaged in the movement, and spoke on the need of funds to carry on its work. He trusted it would result in the establishment of permanent colleges, where the higher teaching might be continued of those who had been instructed at the local centres.

Presiding over the annual winter meeting of the National Rifle Association on Thursday week, the Duke of Cambridge read the report, which stated that during the Jubilee year there would probably be Volunteers from every part of the Empire at the Wimbledon contest. His Royal Highness called attention to the serious danger to tenants of adjoining property arising from the fact that, in consequence of the long range of modern rifles, bullets sometimes went out of bounds, and advised the Association to find a more suitable place for their meeting.—The Duke has decided that at Easter the Volunteers shall be exercised in conjunction with regular troops, and he has approved of field-days being held at Dover, Portsmouth, and Aldershot. Whilst excluding Brighton, the Commander-in-Chief is willing to consider proposals for a field-day at Eastbourne.—Applications to a large number have been made by Volunteer corps for permission to attend the forthcoming manoeuvres in association with the regular troops; and it is now expected that at least 50,000 men will be under arms on Easter Monday.—The annual presentation of prizes to the Central London Rangers (22nd Middlesex) was held last Saturday evening in Gray's Inn Hall. Major Florence, in the absence of Colonel Alt, stated that the regiment had succeeded in returning the full number of efficient (804), and had earned the full capitation grant of £1395.—On the same evening, the Lord Mayor presented the prizes of the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers at Guildhall, there being a good muster of the regiment, under Colonel Gerard Clark, who stated that the number of efficient was 791, out of 844 on the roll.

As in-door playthings for ingenious little children, toy bricks and tiles are commendable, and much is learnt by their use. Messrs. F. A. Richter and Co., of 1, Railway-place, Fenchurch-street, and of Rudolstadt (in Thuringia), Olten (Switzerland), Nuremberg, Vienna, and Rotterdam, have introduced a great improvement, choosing a new material for these toys, fine composition stone, not painted but substance-coloured, in imitation of, yellow sand-stone, red brick, and blue slate. The pieces are all cut with the nicest precision, in many shapes and sizes; the putting together of which is a good education for the tasteful eye, as well as for the mechanical faculty. German directors of schools and teachers of art have testified their approbation of the "Anchor" stone building-bricks; which have been adopted by the Crown Princess, and by other ladies of the highest rank, for use in the Imperial and Royal nurseries, and which might afford no unworthy amusement to persons of mature age. We have seen a large box, containing bricks, a few short pillars, and pieces that combine to form arches, from which many handsome architectural designs could be produced; and a small box of tiles for mosaic pavement, which easily falls into beautiful arrangements, the colours being subdued and harmonious with each other, and really those of choice natural materials for the purpose. The substance is pleasant to handle, and will neither chip, shrink, nor wear, nor soften by wetting; nor can the colouring matter be rubbed or washed off. Boxes of twenty different assortments, the prices ranging with the size and weight and number of the pieces, any of which, if lost, can readily be replaced, are offered for sale, with interesting books of instruction.

OBITUARY.

SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR, G.C.B.

Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, G.C.B., J.P., died on the 23rd ult., at Horndean, Hants. He was born Dec. 3, 1802, the third son of Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, Bart., K.C.B.; entered the Royal Navy in 1813, and attained the rank of Admiral in 1864. This gallant and distinguished officer served in the Baltic during the Crimean War as Captain of the Fleet, 1854, and second in command in 1855. In 1856, 1857, and 1858 he was Commander-in-Chief in China and India; and at Portsmouth, 1863 to 1866. In 1876 he was Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom, and Lieutenant of the Admiralty. He had held the office of Registrar and Secretary of the Order of the Bath from 1830 to 1857, and had sat in Parliament for Devonport from 1859 to 1863. The decoration of K.C.B. was conferred on him in 1855, and that of G.C.B. in 1859. Sir Michael married, in June, 1829, Dora, daughter of Sir William Knighton, Bart., G.C.H., and leaves issue.

SIR CHARLES E. DOUGLAS.

Sir Charles Eurwicke Douglas, K.C.M.G., M.A., died on the 21st ult., in his eighty-first year. He was born in 1806, and educated at Harrow, and St. John's College, Cambridge. From 1830 to 1833, he was private secretary to Viscount Goderich at the Colonial Office, and from 1832 to 1859, held the appointment of King-of-Arms of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. From 1837 to 1852, he was M.P. for Warwick, and from 1859 to 1865, for Barnbury. He was knighted in 1832, and made K.C.M.G. in 1859. Sir Charles married, in 1832, Jane Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Des Vœux, Bart.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Thomas Evans, F.G.S., H.M. Inspector of Mines, on the 25th ult., at Pen-y-Bryn, Derby, aged fifty-eight.

The Rev. Richard Parker, M.A., J.P., for thirty-five years Rector of Claxby and Well, at his Rectory, near Alford, on the 23rd ult., in his seventy-ninth year.

The Hon. William Hanbury-Tracy, formerly in the Madras Civil Service, fifth son of the first Lord Sudeley, by Henrietta Susannah, his wife, daughter and heiress of Henry Viscount Tracy, on the 27th ult., aged seventy-seven.

Mrs. Lucy Catherine Brooke, wife of the Rev. Edward Perry Brooke, Canon of Dromore, of Coolmain House, in the county of Monaghan, and daughter of Dr. James Saurin, late Bishop of Dromore, on the 23rd ult., aged seventy-five.

Mr. John Gurney, of Sprowston Hall, Norwich, on the 24th ult., aged forty-one. He was eldest son of the late Mr. John Gurney, and grandson of Mr. Samuel Gurney, of Ham House, Essex, a cadet of the Gurneys of Keswick, Norfolk.

Mr. Charles FitzRoy Barnett, of Stratton Park, Bedfordshire, formerly Captain 54th Foot, on the 23rd ult., aged fifty-six. He was eldest son of Mr. Charles Barnett, of Stratton Park, High Sheriff in 1821, and grandson of Major-General Charles Barnett, by Harriet, his wife, daughter of Admiral Sir Richard King, Bart.

Mr. Percy William Doyle, C.B., on the 21st ult. He was born in 1806, the third son of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles William Doyle, K.C.B., and was brother of the late General Sir C. Hastings Doyle, K.C.M.G., and of the present Colonel North, M.P., father of Lord North. He entered the Diplomacy in 1825; and was Attaché at Constantinople, 1834 to 1842; Secretary of Legation at Mexico, 1842 to 1851; and Minister Plenipotentiary there from 1851 to 1858.

Mrs. E. Hamilton-Gray, of Carntyne, N.B., aged eighty-seven, suddenly, at 113, Queen's-gate, on the 21st ult. She was eldest daughter of the late J. R. Johnstone, of Alva, Stirling, N.B., and widow of the late Rev. T. Hamilton-Gray, of Carntyne, N.B., Vicar of Bolsover and Scarcliff, Derbyshire, and Rural Dean. Deceased was authoress of the "History of Rome" and of "The Empire and the Church," but her best-known work is the "Sepulchres of Etruria." Mrs. Hamilton-Gray was one of the first to excavate the tombs of a forgotten nation, and her book will remain as a standard work on the history of the ancient Etruscans.

Mr. Edward Durling Bartlett, of Abingdon, Coroner for Berkshire and treasurer of the Corporation of Abingdon, on the 16th ult., aged seventy years. By the death of this gentleman Berkshire has lost both an active public official and also a very able and zealous local antiquarian. In 1850 Mr. Bartlett published his valuable and interesting "Historical Account of Cumnor Place, Berks, with Biographical Notices of the Lady Amy Dudley and of Anthony Forster, Esq., sometime M.P. for Abingdon." In it he skillfully defends the character of Forster against both the aspersions of popular tradition and the statements in "Kenilworth" of Sir Walter Scott. The deceased gentleman, who was distinguished by his genial humour and ready hospitality, possessed a collection of various objects of archaeological and architectural interest connected with Cumnor Place and other localities in Berkshire. He has also left copious MS. notes for a history of Abingdon, which, it is to be hoped, will be edited and given to the world in printed form. Mr. Bartlett was twice married, and leaves surviving issue by both unions.

An anonymous donation of £2000 has been made to the fund just opened by the Sons of the Clergy Corporation at the request of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The amount already received exceeds £4000.

Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, late editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, who is leaving Leeds to take the position of general manager to Messrs. Cassell and Co., has been presented with a cheque for 425 guineas and a gold watch of the value of seventy-five guineas. Several other presents have been given to him.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presided on Monday at the annual meeting of the Clergy Orphan Corporation, and in the course of his address said it was important that the aims and work of the corporation should be more widely known. It had never presented stronger claims than in these times, when it was so difficult for the clergy to bring up and educate their families.

On Tuesday the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland held his second Levée at Dublin Castle. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lord Ashbourne, the Earl of Enniskillen, the Earl of Rosse, the Earl of Longford, Viscount Bandon, the Earl of Caryfort, the Earl De Montalt, Viscount Powerscourt, Viscount Massereene, Lord Ardilaun, Lord Hastings, and Lord Castletown were among those present. On Wednesday evening Lady Londonderry held a Drawingroom.

Last week 2769 births and 1690 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 119, and the deaths 130, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 52 from measles, 17 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria, 35 from whooping-cough, 10 from enteric fever, 17 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 1 from cholera infantum. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 364, 373, and 392 in the three preceding weeks, further rose last week to 466, but were 18 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 55 deaths; 6 cases of suicide were registered.

THE EARTHQUAKE ON THE RIVIERA.



SCENE IN THE AVENUE DE LA GARE, NICE, ON THE MORNING OF FEB. 23.

FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

MUSIC.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

This society gave the last concert but one of the present series at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) week, with a performance of Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," in oratorio form. The work was first produced (as a Biblical opera) as "Mosè in Egitto," at the San Carlo, Naples, during Lent, in 1818. It was afterwards remodelled by the composer, with additions from some of his other works, and, in this shape, was brought out at Paris (also as an opera) in 1827, with a French text, as "Moïse en Egypte." In 1822, the work was given at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket, the Scriptural subject having been discarded, and the title changed to "Pietro l'Eremita." In 1833, a concoction from Rossini's "Mosè" and Handel's "Israel in Egypt" was produced at Covent-Garden Theatre, with scenery, costumes, and Biblical characters. This, however, was soon suppressed by authority. Rossini's music was next heard here at the Royal Italian Opera in 1850, as "Zora," the Biblical subject having again been discarded. In 1878 the Sacred Harmonic Society revived the music of "Mosè," in an adapted form as an English oratorio, in which shape it was performed at Exeter Hall, and was again given by the same institution last Friday evening, at St. James's Hall. The work contains some music that is grand and impressive, and occasionally highly dramatic, with much that is melodious and beautiful in the florid and ornate styles—together with many instances of a levity and flippancy out of all keeping with a text of a religious character. Among these latter may be cited the pretty chorus and quartet, "Hope's rosy morning," and the march and chorus (with solos), "Hail, happy day," set to strains that have long appropriately served for quadrille purposes. Scarcely anywhere, indeed, does the music rise to the height of religious sublimity, the nearest approach thereto being, perhaps, the celebrated Prayer. The commencement of the second part, illustrating the Plague of Darkness, suggests very unfavourable comparisons with Handel's sublime music in "Israel in Egypt." Still, "Mosè" is a work of bright genius and artistic power, if regarded without reference to a religious purpose. As an instance of dramatic force, highly wrought climax, brilliant orchestral effects, and masterly command of vocal and instrumental combinations, we may point to the finale to the second part (in the oratorio form); and of melodious charm, the quintet, "O Thou who grief consolest," and the quartet, "My heart sinks within me," may be cited.

Last week's performance was in most respects an effective one. Conspicuous was the fine singing of Mr. E. Lloyd, in the tenor solo music, the magnificent duet, "Oh, fate, how tell my sorrow"—in which he was, as before, associated with Mr. Bridson—having, as heretofore, produced a marked impression. The other solo vocalists were Misses Anna Williams, H. Wilson, Mrs. Suter, Mr. Piercy, and Mr. W. Mills, who were all efficient in their respective degrees.

The final concert of the series will take place on March 25, when Sir Michael Costa's "Eli" will be performed.

Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts, at St. James's Hall, have nearly completed the series of sixteen performances. The thirteenth concert took place on Thursday week, when the programme included Dr. Joachim's co-operation in Brahms's violin concerto in D, op. 77; and Beethoven's Romance in F. The first-named work has more than once been spoken of in association with the same performer. Beethoven's Romance is full of a melodious charm that stands in strong contrast to the somewhat laboured style of the more modern piece. It is needless to say that each of the works just specified received an excellent rendering from Dr. Joachim. The concert comprised effective orchestral performances of Sir Sterndale Bennett's graceful and imaginative overture to "Parisina," Haydn's Symphony in B flat (one of the Salomon series), and Liszt's second Rhapsody—all of which are too well known to need fresh comment. The fourteenth concert took place this week, and must be spoken of in our next issue.

Last week's performance of "The Messiah," by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, included the co-operation, as solo soprano, of Mrs. Henschel (in lieu of Madame Valleria, who was unable to appear). Miss E. Winant was the contralto, the two ladies having sung with refinement, but scarcely with the power required in the vast Kensington building. The tenor and bass solo music was effectively rendered, respectively, by Mr. H. Piercy and Mr. W. Mills. At the next concert, on March 19, Rossini's "Messe Solennelle" will be performed.

Dr. Stainer's Passion music, entitled "The Crucifixion: a Meditation on the Sacred Passion of the Holy Redeemer," was produced at Marylebone Church last Thursday week. It is a work of moderate length, and of simple, rather than elaborate, construction, comprising solos for tenor and bass, and choral passages, among which are hymns intended for the added co-operation of the congregation. The music is skilfully written for the voices, solo and choral, and the organ accompaniment (well played by Mr. W. Hodge) is admirably suited to serve in lieu of an orchestra.

The third Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concert of the year took place last week, when the programme contained no absolute novelty. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's fine overture to "Ruy Blas," and closed with Schumann's overture, scherzo, and finale. The programme also included Mr. Prout's fourth symphony (an effective piece of orchestral writing), which was given for the first time here, having been previously heard at Oxford and in London. Saturday's programme comprised Herr Schönberger's skilful execution of M. Saint-Saëns' second pianoforte concerto and unaccompanied solos; and vocal pieces rendered by Miss A. Whitacre, who was more successful in Mr. Randegger's bolero, "Vien della danza," than in Mozart's scena, "Mia speranza adorata."

The first appearance this season of Dr. Joachim—at last week's Monday Popular Concert—was duly noticed. At the following Saturday afternoon performance, and the Monday evening concert of this week, the great violinist again appeared, as leader and soloist; the vocalist and pianist on Saturday having been, respectively, Mr. O. Harley and Miss Zimmermann; and on Monday, Miss Hope Glenn and Mr. Max Pauer. On this occasion Mendelssohn's noble ottet for stringed instruments was a special feature in the programme. At the afternoon concert of to-day (Saturday) Madame Schumann is to be the solo pianist.

The fifth, and last but one, of Novello's Oratorio Concerts took place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, when the programme comprised Mr. Cowen's cantata "Sleeping Beauty" and Beethoven's choral symphony. The first-named work was composed for and produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1855, having been since repeated in London and elsewhere. As the cantata has been more than once commented on by us, brief notice may now suffice. Again on Tuesday the grace and melodiousness of some portions, and the dramatic power of others, were realised by a very effective performance. The solo vocalists in the cantata were—Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. W. Mills; those in the choral symphony having been Miss A. Marriott, Madame Patey, and the gentlemen already named. Mr. Cowen conducted his own music, which was enthusiastically received,

and Dr. Mackenzie directed the performance of the symphony, the orchestra having been ably led by Mr. Carrodus.

St. David's Day was celebrated by one of Mr. W. Carter's National Festival concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, the programme having included the co-operation of his well-trained choir and of eminent solo vocalists.

The Bach Choir will give an interesting concert (the second of the present series) next Tuesday evening, when the programme will include a performance of a selection from Schumann's opera, "Genoveva," his only stage work, and one of which very little is known in this country. On the following Thursday evening (also at St. James's Hall) the Philharmonic Society will open its seventy-fifth season with the first of eight concerts. Among other works to be performed is Schumann's pianoforte concerto in A minor, with his gifted widow as pianist.

An important event next week will be the opening, on Saturday evening, of an early Italian Opera season, under the management of Mr. Mapleson; this being in advance of the regular season of the Royal Italian Opera, which will begin in May, with Signor Lago as director, as last year. Mr. Mapleson's programme of the Covent-Garden performances promises the production of a version of the late Georges Bizet's opera, "Les Pêcheurs de Perles"; which, as a work by the composer of "Carmen," will have much interest. Gluck's "Orfeo," Gounod's "Mirella," Beethoven's "Fidelio," and Mozart's "Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Il Flauto Magico," are also included in the proposed repertoire. The prices of admission throughout the theatre are to be reduced by one half. The list of engagements had not been announced at the time of our writing.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Of books of travel in which the authors tell us what they see, there is no lack in our own or our neighbours' literature; but books in which the author's feelings form the groundwork, and external objects are merely exciting causes, are more rare. Amongst such, Heine's "Reisebilder" must always occupy a foremost place. Through the French edition, which was submitted to the author's supervision, these strange records of a disappointed life are open to many to whom the original text is a sealed volume. It is surprising, however, that hitherto Heine's prose works have attracted so little attention from English translators. Mr. Charles Leland, who grappled with the difficulties—and they are many and serious—of the "Reisebilder," lays claim to American citizenship, and although thirty years have elapsed since his translation first appeared, it has hitherto held the field. We therefore owe some debt of gratitude to Mr. F. Storr for his English version of Heine's *Travel-Pictures* (George Bell and Son), in which it is possible to grasp the author's purpose, and to seize some at least of the brilliant wit with which the original sparkles. It is the custom to think of Heine as one who was imbibed in youth, and who grew sour with age; but none can read the "Tour in the Harz," or even the later "Norderney," without recognising the ring of true mirth and enjoyment of life which pervades these chapters of the author's life. It is true that in the former he complains, on the occasion of his visit to the smelting-houses of the Klausthal, that, with his usual luck in life, he "saw the cloud, but not the silver lining," as Mr. Storr translates it; but no one can read his description of Goslar, or the view from the Rammelsberg, without feeling that nature, not art, inspires Heine's pen; and, speaking of himself in the Norderney, he says with the utmost truth, "My blood is not so splenetically black; all the gall of my writings is in my ink; and if I am venomous, my venom is nothing but antidote against the poisonous serpents who lurk beneath the rubbish of old cathedrals and castles." Heine, in fact, was as bitter an opponent of the dull semi-feudalism which the German aristocracy were striving to maintain as Carlyle was of the senseless Byronism which so often moved his wrath. And it was not on this point alone that the German and the Scotchman found themselves fighting against a common foe. It is not necessary, however, to pursue this point. Mr. Storr's selection places before the English reader some of Heine's best reflections on English literature; and although we may personally regret that the translator has not pushed his work further afield and followed his author's footsteps more persistently, we are constrained to admit that there are passages in the Italian note-book which would require softening for the English ear. In the actual work of translation Mr. Storr has shown himself faithful to the text, whilst he has not disdained the substitution of English for German idioms of similar value and import. His verse translations are especially neat, although a little clipped, like a yew hedge, rather than rugged with dog-roses, like Heine's *Lieder*. The second part of the volume is composed of "The Romantic School," a careful study of contemporary literature, in which the student will find much to help him to understand the writers of his own and foreign countries during an especially active period.

Those "who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy," and think that on the shores of the Mediterranean they can escape the trials incident to winter or early spring in the north temperate zone, had better turn to Mr. W. D. Gainsford's *Winter's Cruise in the Mediterranean* (Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co.). They will learn that even along the north coast of Africa the cold bleak wind blows day after day, that at Messina it is wet and boisterous, and the Riviera so bitterly snappy that the author was tempted to write a pamphlet recommending to the Niçois, Mentonese, &c., England as a winter residence, where they could escape the inclemency of their own climate. Apart from these dismal warnings, however, Mr. Gainsford's little volume has much to recommend it. Not only does he vividly bring before one's eyes the scene which he witnessed, but he shows triumphantly that the art of letter writing (for the book is only a collection of letters sent home) is not so extinct as some would have us believe. His style is crisp without the least affectation of sentimentousness, his observations pithy, and his criticism on people and objects always his own, and not the weak echoes of a guide-book. He is not ashamed to admire the Apollo Belvedere at Rome, or to declare that Naples is a disappointment. He hates mountains as much as a Roman patrician, and is not a convert to the modern views about women. He holds that their especial business is to be appreciative; but "to talk to women who have got something of their own to be understood is annoying; it's more than annoying, it's wearying and exhausting." Whether we indorse this opinion or not, we can at least say that the two last epithets in no way apply to Mr. Gainsford's unpretentious little volume, which will be found an equally agreeable travelling companion by land or sea, and full of useful suggestions and aids to thought for travellers in his wake.

On Monday the Lord Mayor presided over the annual meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce, held at the Mansion House. Among those taking part in the proceedings were Mr. Tritton (who was elected President of the Chamber for the ensuing year), Mr. Walter Leaf, and Mr. Montagu, M.P.

THE IRISH RENT WAR.

The trial of Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and four other Irish members of Parliament, for a criminal conspiracy to prevent tenants paying their rents, which is called "the Plan of Campaign," was brought to an end at Dublin, on Thursday week, by the jury not being able to agree upon a verdict. The Judge, Mr. Justice Murphy, then discharged the jury; but the defendants can be indicted again, and are still bound over to appear, if called upon, at the next holding of the Commission Court. Mr. Dillon has brought an action against the police for illegal arrest of himself and three others at Loughrea.

Our Special Artist sends a sketch of Dr. Tanner, M.P., attending a Plan of Campaign meeting held at Youghal, in the county of Cork, which had been prohibited by a Government proclamation. He used the ingenious device of speaking from on board a boat in the harbour to the people on the quay. Sir T. G. Esmonde, M.P., has been deprived of the office of High Sheriff of Waterford, for attending a proclaimed meeting at Coolgreaney, in Wexford.

There is continued forcible resistance to the execution by the county sheriffs of decrees of eviction. The police were obliged last week, near Dowra, in Leitrim, to fire on a mob who attacked them, and several of the rioters were wounded. Near Ballyhaunis, in Mayo, on Friday, two thousand men and women assailed the magistrates and police with stones; but they drove the people back, and the Rev. Canon Waldrow, the parish priest, then intervened to prevent further violence. The house at which the seizure of goods for rent was effected was surrounded by water, and the bailiff and police entered by means of a pontoon bridge.

A novel scene was witnessed at Mitchelstown, Cork, in connection with the tillage operations carried on by the Nationalists on Lady Kingston's estate. About 400 horsemen, followed by 600 vehicles carrying all kinds of agricultural implements, and 600 farmers, marched in column into the town. They had gathered from districts within twenty miles, and were accompanied by bands. During the day fifty farms were tilled. In the evening there was a meeting, which was addressed by Mr. Condon, M.P., and others.

The murder of Cornelius Murphy, a farmer and bailiff near Killarney, who had been acting for Lord Kenmare in the collection of rents, and had purchased the tenancy of a small plot of land at the foot of Mangerton mountain, was one of the most shocking events of last week. On the Sunday night a large party, armed and variously disguised, made a raid for arms in the district, and coming to Murphy's house, called him out. He obeyed, when, without further warning, they surrounded him, and, firing a volley, broke his leg. They immediately decamped, and before any assistance could be rendered Murphy bled to death. He leaves a widow and a large family. Five men were arrested last Tuesday, charged with this murder.

The trial of eight men charged with moonlighting near Abbeyfeale has resulted in the accused being discharged. The house of a man named Curtin was attacked by a body of men wearing masks, and carrying firearms; Curtin's son was fired at by one of the party and wounded in the leg. The injured man, however, professed his inability to identify any of the prisoners, and, in the absence of evidence, the magistrates had to discharge the prisoners.

The wife of a farmer named McGuire died a few days ago at Clooncan, near Ballyhaunis. McGuire, who is boycotted for serving writs on Lord De Freyne's property, was unable to procure a coffin in the neighbourhood. At last, the carrier arrived with a coffin, and was at once surrounded by the people of the village, who menaced him. As he pleaded ignorance, he was allowed to go unmolested. No person attended the funeral.

A Parliamentary return states that the number of applications to the Law Courts in Ireland under the Land Act of 1881, to have fair rents fixed in Court, up to Dec. 31, 1886, was 131,897. The applications received in January of this year were 2488, making a total of 134,385. The total number of applications disposed of up to the same date was 124,595. This included the fixing of a fair rent in 89,392 cases. There were, in addition, 89,554 agreements out of Court, fixing fair rents up to the end of January, 1887. The number of appeals for fair rent, &c., made against the decisions of the Commissioners up to Jan. 31, was 21,603, and 17,192 had been disposed of.

THE RAILWAY DISASTER IN AMERICA.

The terrible accident, on the 6th ult., to a special train carrying passengers from Boston to Montreal for the opening of the Grand Winter Ice Carnival, has been mentioned in our paper. A sketch of the scene of this disaster, near the White River junction on the Central Vermont Railway, is furnished to us by Mr. C. M. M'Cock, of the *Montreal Star*. It happened in the night, when many of the passengers were asleep in the Pullman cars. The train ran off the rails, and fell from the bridge, turning over in its fall, a height of 60 ft., upon the ice of the river; this being hard, the carriages, some of them less broken than others, lay on the ice till they caught fire, in about ten minutes, from the stoves or from the engine. More than forty persons were killed, many of whom, being unable to get out of the carriages, were burnt to death, and nearly forty others were severely injured. Those who escaped, being undressed in the sleeping cars, suffered extremely from the cold, which was thirteen degrees below zero. They obtained shelter in a farmhouse, a quarter of a mile distant. The ice was thirty inches thick, and the water not being deep, it would seem that none perished by drowning. The wreck of the train continued burning two hours, setting fire to the wooden railing of the bridge above; the bridge itself was not broken. The number of passengers in the train was eighty-four; had it been an ordinary excursion-train there might have been five hundred.

THE NEW BRIDGE AT OPORTO.

The city of Oporto has been hitherto connected with the south side of the Douro by a suspension-bridge, constructed in 1842. This bridge being inadequate for the traffic, a new one, with two levels, has been erected, by a contract made with a Belgian Company, the "Société Anonyme de Construction et des Ateliers," of Willebroeck, Belgium. The new bridge is remarkable for its enormous span, of 172 metres (about 568 ft.), which is said to be the largest in the world; the bed of the river not affording convenient foundations for intermediate pillars. The lower level floor of the bridge is suspended from the great arch, of which it forms the chord, and is 31 ft. 6 in. above low water mark, while the height of the upper level floor is 203 ft. The total length of the latter (iron work only) is 1276 ft. The total weight of iron employed on this undertaking is 3200 tons. The building occupied three years, one year being required for the arch. The upper level roadway is paved with wood, having a double tramway and neatly tiled side-walks, commanding fine views up and down the river; near it is the Serra Convent, which, in the Portuguese civil war, was defended by Dom Pedro's troops against Dom Miguel's artillery; higher up the river is the high-level railway bridge, constructed eight years ago.

RUSSIA AND INDIA, QUETTA, BELOOCHISTAN.

A GENTLEMAN in Quetta, Beloochistan, India, writes as follows, under date Dec. 15, 1886:—"I have for many years past been a regular consumer of your FRUIT SALT, especially since arrival in India four years since. To its properties as a preventive, I believe I owe the excellent health I have enjoyed during the whole of that time, which has been passed in stations of all peculiarities of climate—for instance, Allahabad, R. Pindi, Murree Hills, and this place."



RUSSIA and ENO'S FRUIT SALT.—An English Chaplain writes:—"Would you kindly inform me whether you have an agent in Russia for the sale of your FRUIT SALT? If not, would it be possible to send two or three bottles through the post? We have used your FRUIT SALT now for some time, and think so highly of it that my wife says she would not be without it for a great deal. For children's ailments I know of nothing to equal it. It acts like a charm. Our little ones have had no other medicine for some time; no matter what the ailment may be, cold, headache, or stomach-ache, the FRUIT SALT seems to cure in a marvellously short time. The FRUIT SALT seems to be just the medicine we have required for a long time—something thoroughly efficacious, which acts quickly, and is pleasant to the taste.—I am, faithfully yours, "A BRITISH CHAPLAIN."

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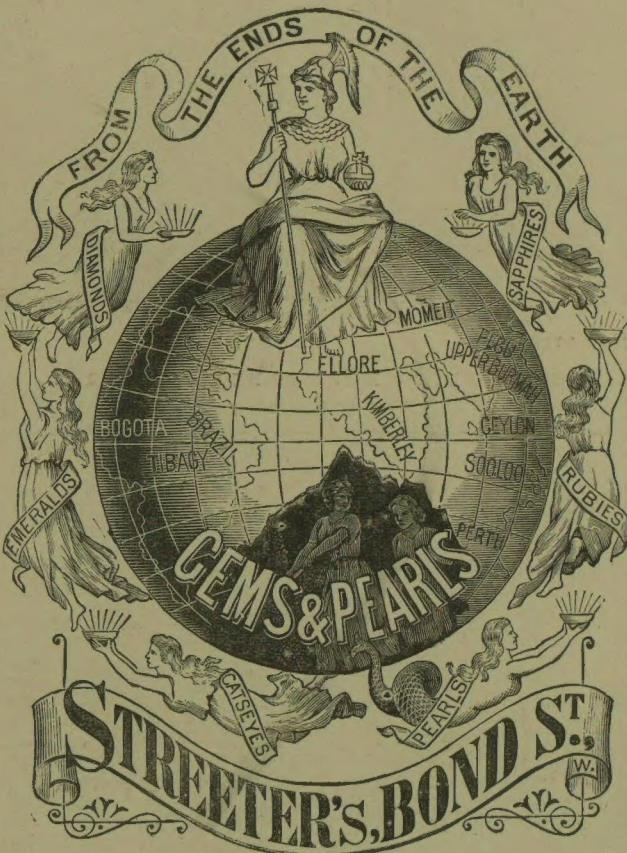
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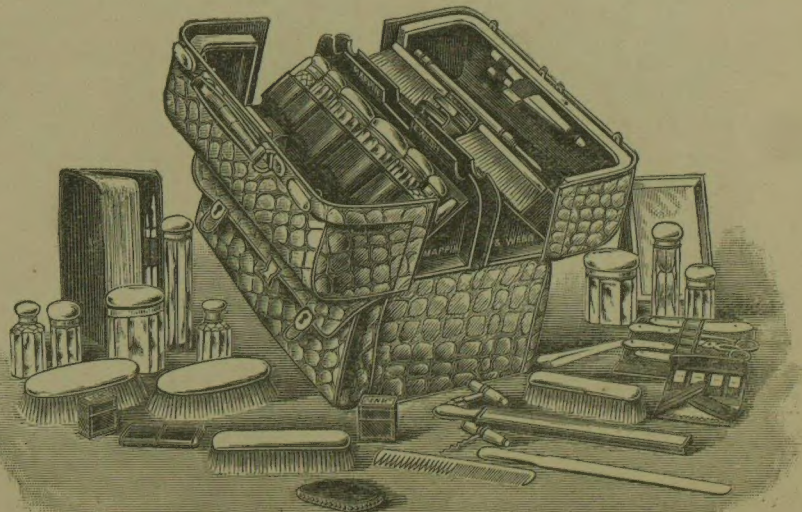
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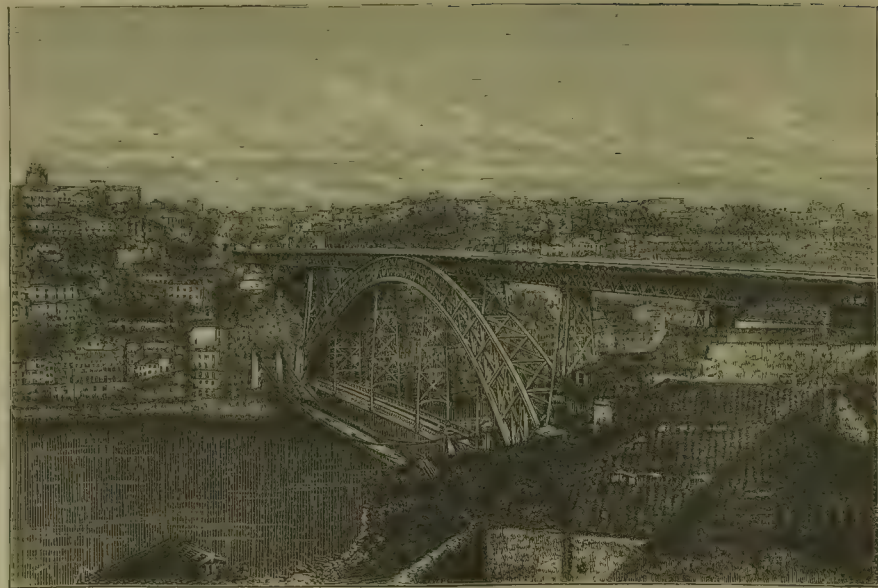
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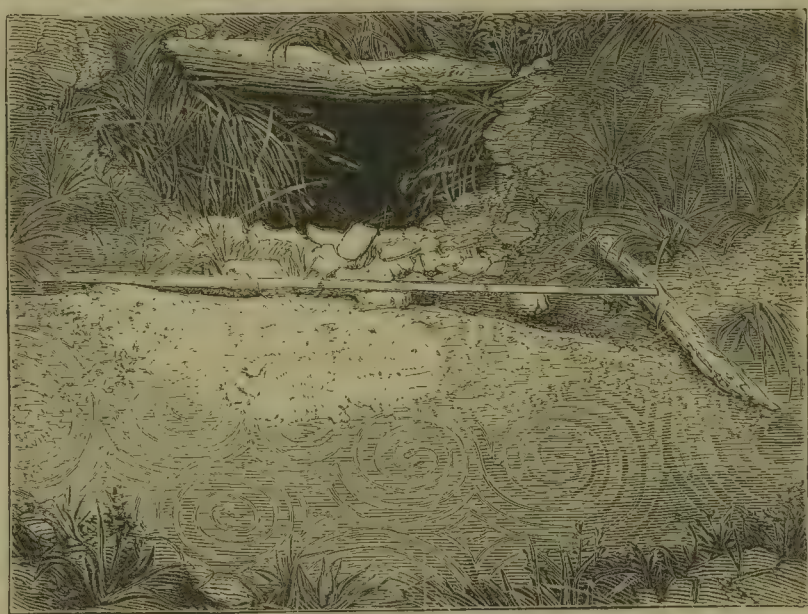
SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT ON THE CENTRAL VERMONT RAILWAY, UNITED STATES.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. M. MCCOCK.



NEW BRIDGE AT OPORTO.

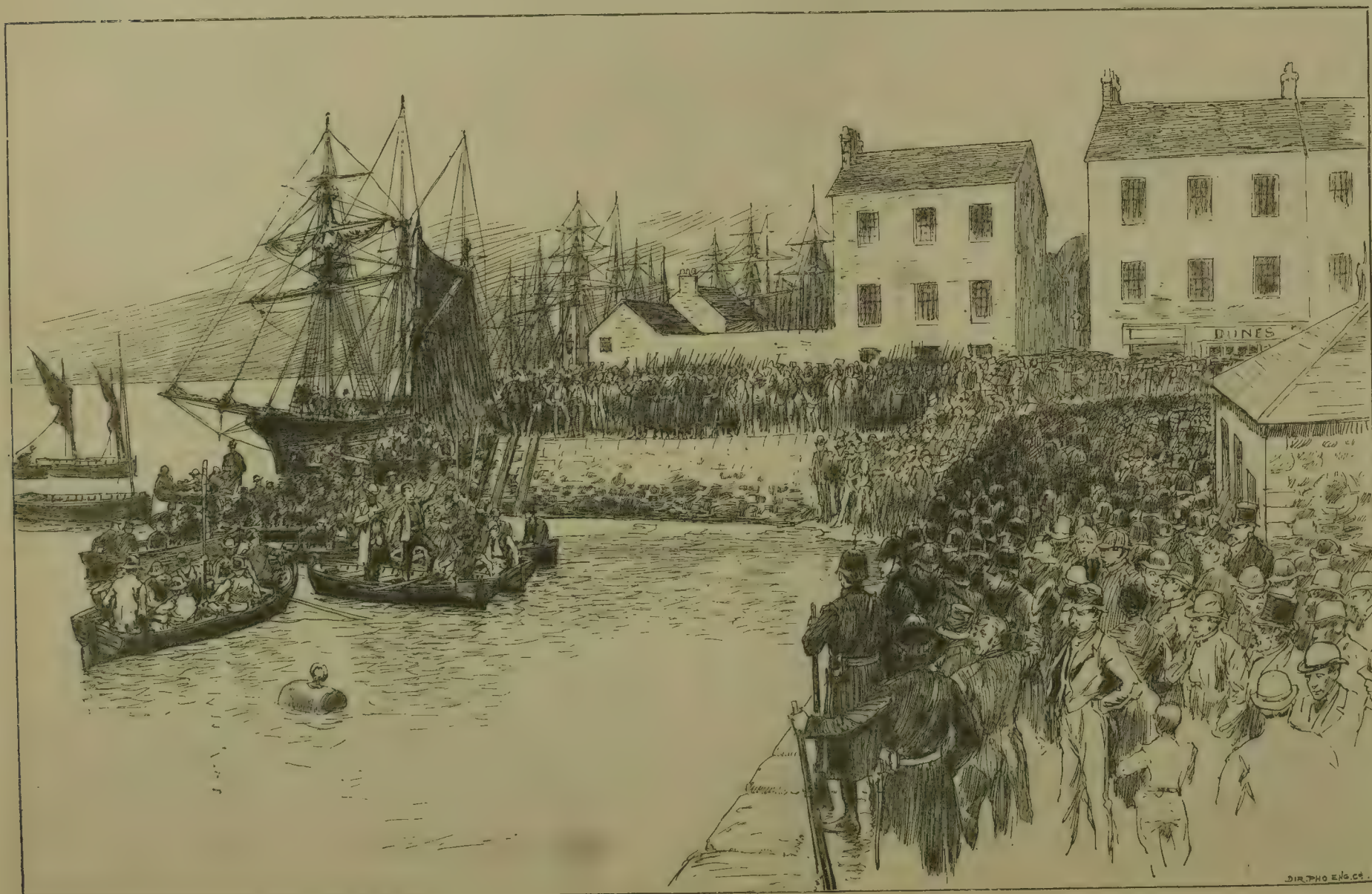


DOLMEN MOUND AT DOWTH, BURIAL-PLACE OF KING DUBHATH.



TOMB OF ACHAD ALDAL.

ANCIENT CELTIC MONUMENTS IN IRELAND.



THE RENT WAR IN IRELAND: DR. TANNER, M.P., ADDRESSING A PROCLAIMED MEETING AT YOUGHAL, COUNTY CORK.

S K E T C H E S I N B R I T I S H C O L U M B I A.

SEE PAGE 280.



A REACH ON THE LOWER KOOTENAY RIVER.



THE KOOTENAY LAKE.

CELTIC ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND.
Among the most interesting monuments of prehistoric pagan times in Ireland are those found on and near the banks of the river Boyne, in the county of Meath, a few miles west of Drogheda. Here was the cemetery of some of the princes and chieftains of Erin at a period to which no certain date can be ascribed, but to which may be referred the half-mythical traditions of the Tuatha-dé-Danaan, the fair-haired race of strangers, valiant horsemen, singers, and harpers, and magicians, who are supposed to have conquered some part of the island, and to have established their King's throne on the Hill of Tara. Of their protracted wars against the Fomorians and the Firbolgs, whoever those invaders were; of the Fomorian King Balor, who had one eye in the middle of his forehead and another in the back of his head, which could kill men by a

glance; and of Nuada Airgeat Lamh, the King with a silver hand, made to replace his hand lost in the battle of Moytura, the lovers of romantic fables may read at their pleasure. It is probable that Meath was, in a very remote age, the abode of a warlike people, who gained a considerable ascendancy over the tribes of the adjacent parts of Ireland, and whose King may sometimes have been the head of a federal league to resist the incursions of the Danes and Norsemen.
The sepulchral mounds, cairns, or barrows, in the neighbourhood of Dowth and Newgrange, associated with the names of King Dubhath and Achad Aldai (the name of "Dowth" being a corruption of "Dubhath," in the opinion of Celtic scholars) were examined by members of the Royal Irish Academy forty years ago. The Dowth mound is an immense pile of small boulder stones, in the interior of which are chambers and passages, constructed of very large blocks

of stone rudely laid together, in the "dolmen" fashion of Brittany and of other Celtic examples; the first chamber, formed in the shape of a cross (though certainly not of Christian design), contained a broken stone coffin, with a few bronze or iron ornaments, and half-burnt human bones. A passage, 27 ft. long, conducts to a series of small crypts, and to a square chamber, the stones of which are sculptured with a variety of decorative, perhaps symbolical, patterns and devices. Those shown in one of our illustrations have engaged the study of antiquaries, with a view to ascertain their possible significance. They appear in the greatest richness and complexity on the huge stones of the interior of the great sepulchral monument at Newgrange; the carvings are of wonderful diversity—circles, spirals, zigzags, indentations, lozenges, and lines of dots, which some think to be a form of Ogham writing.

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison-road). Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available Eight Days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates, available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday. From Victoria 10.0 a.m., fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Extra Train, Victoria to Brighton, 11.55 p.m. Saturdays. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

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MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL DAY AND NIGHT MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC FETE will take place on TUESDAY AFTERNOON, March 15, at 2.30; TUESDAY NIGHT, March 15, at 7.30. When Two Spectacles of the most Novel and Brilliant Character will be presented, in which Mr. James Fernandez, Mr. H. Walsh, and Miss Florence St. John, Miss Mulholland, and NEARLY THE WHOLE OF THE MOST EMINENT COMEDIANS connected with the principal West-End Theatres will appear, by kind permission of the respective managers, including Mr. Fred Leslie, Mr. George Barrett, Mr. Harry Paulson, Mr. Charles Collette, Mr. Harry Nicholls, Mr. U. Lestocq, Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. Stephen Caffrey, Mr. E. J. Lonneu, Mr. Arthur Roberts, Mr. Frank Wyatt, and Mr. Lionel Brough, Together with a List of Artists whose names will be duly announced.

A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SELECTION OF SONGS will be sung by the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS for the first time. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s. Area and Gallery, One Shilling. Tickets and places can be secured at Austin's Universal Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

SPECIAL NOTICE. For the convenience of families residing at a distance from London, RESERVED SEATS and TICKETS for ALL PARTS of the ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL on the occasion of MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S Grand Day and Night Musical and Dramatic Fete on TUESDAY AFTERNOON and NIGHT, MARCH 15, can be secured through the post, if a cheque or postal order for the amount of tickets required is sent to Mr. A. Austin at the Ticket-office, St. James's Hall, together with a stamped and directed envelope.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return," 2. "On the Mountains," 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeus at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERY, 108, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

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ART-UNION OF LONDON.—Subscription, One Guinea.—Every Subscriber receives a fine line ENGRAVING, by A. WILSON, STREATHAM, and THAMES-EMERSON, from the original by B. W. Leader, A.R.A., besides a chance of one of the numerous valuable Prizes. The List will close MARCH 31. The work is now ready. ZOUCH THROUGHTON, Hon. Sec. No. 112, Strand, February, 1887.

THE ROYAL YORKSHIRE JUBILEE EXHIBITION, Saltre, Bradford.—All works of art (Artists' Section) intended for the above Exhibition must be delivered at Saltre during the week ending on April 9, or to the duly appointed agent, W. A. Smith, 20, Mortimer-street, Regent-street, London, W., during the week ending on March 26. No works will be received after the dates above mentioned. All works must be delivered free, and pictures must be without cases. Further information can be obtained of Mr. Edward V. Baerle, Superintendent, Fine-Art Section, Saltre, near Bradford.

ACCIDENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD. Railway Accidents, Employers' Liability insured against by the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, 64, Cornhill. Income, £246,000. Compensation paid for 18,000 Accidents, £2,350,000. Moderate Premiums. Free and Liberal Settlement of Claims. Chairman, Harvie M. Parquhar, Esq. West-End Office, 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, W.C.; Head Office, 64, Cornhill, London, E.C.—WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

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DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

Mrs. Brimmer, in a becoming morning wrapper, half reclining in an Indian hammock in the corridor.

THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.*

BY BRET HARTE,

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

Notwithstanding his promise and the summons of the Council, Father Esteban, on parting with the Excelsior prisoners in the San Antonio road, did not proceed immediately to the presence of the Comandante. Partly anxious to inform himself more thoroughly regarding Hurlstone's antecedents before entering upon legislative functions that might concern him, partly uneasy at Brace's allusion to any possible ungentleness in the treatment of the fair Americanas, and partly apprehensive that Mrs. Brimmer might seek him at the Mission in the present emergency, the good Father turned his steps towards the Alcalde's house.

Mrs. Brimmer, in a becoming morning wrapper, half reclining in an Indian hammock in the corridor, supported by Miss Chubb, started at his approach. So did the young Alcalde sympathetically seated at her side. Padre Esteban for an instant was himself embarrassed; Mrs. Brimmer quickly recovered her usual bewildering naiveté.

"I knew you would come, but if you hadn't I should have mustered courage enough to go with Miss Chubb to find you at the Mission," she said, half coquettishly. "Not but that Don Ramon has been all kindness and consideration, but you know one always clings to one's spiritual adviser in such an emergency; and although there are differences of opinion between us, I think I may speak to you as freely as I would between you and my dear friend Dr. Potts, of Trinity Chapel. Of course you didn't know him; but you couldn't have helped liking him, he's so gentle, so tactful, so refined! But do tell me the fullest particulars of this terrible calamity that has happened so awkwardly. Tell me all! I fear that Don Ramon, out of kindness, has not told me everything. I have been perfectly frank, I told him everything—who I am, who Mr. Brimmer is, and given him even the connexions of my friend, Miss Chubb. I can do no more; but you will surely have no difficulty in finding someone in Todos Santos who has heard of the Quincys and Brimmers. I've no doubt that there are books in your library that mention them. Of course I can say nothing of the other passengers, except that Mr. Brimmer would not have probably permitted me to associate with any notorious persons. I confess now—I think I told you once before; Clarissa—that I greatly doubted Captain Bunker's ability."

"Ah," murmured Don Ramon. "To make a social selection," continued Mrs. Brimmer. "He may have been a good sailor and boxed his compass, but he lacked a knowledge of the world. Of the other passengers I can truly say I know nothing; I cannot think that Mr. Crosby's sense of humour led him into bad associations, or that he ever went beyond verbal impropriety. Certainly nothing in Miss Keene's character has led me to believe she could so far forget what was due to herself and to us as to address a lawless mob in the streets as she did just now; although her friend, Mrs. Markham, as I just told Don Ramon, is an advocate of Women's Rights and Female Suffrage, and

I believe she contemplates addressing the public from the lecturer's platform."

"It isn't possible!" interrupted Don Ramon excitedly, in mingled horror of the masculinely rampant Mrs. Markham and admiration of the fascinatingly feminine Mrs. Brimmer: "a lady cannot be an orator—a haranguer of men!"

"Not in society," responded Mrs. Brimmer, with a sigh, "and I do not remember to have met the lady before. The fact is, she does not move in our circle—in the upper classes."

The Alcalde exchanged a glance with the Padre. "Ah! you have classes? and she is of a distinct class, perhaps?"

"Decidedly," said Mrs. Brimmer, promptly.

"Pardon me," said Padre Esteban, with gentle persuasiveness, "but you are speaking of your fellow-passengers. Know you not, then, of one Hurlstone, who is believed to be still in the ship Excelsior, and perhaps of the party who seized it?"

"Mr. Hurlstone?—it is possible; but I know really nothing of him," said Mrs. Brimmer, carelessly. "I don't think Clarissa did, either—did you, dear? Even in our enforced companionship we had to use some reserve, and we may have drawn the line at him! He was a friend of Miss Keene's; indeed, she was the only one who seemed to know him."

"And she is now here?" asked the Padre, eagerly.

"No. She is with her friend, the Señora Markham, at the Presidio. The Comandante has given her the disposition of his house," said Don Ramon, with a glance of grave archness at Mrs. Brimmer, "it is not known which is the most favoured, the eloquent orator or the beautiful and daring leader!"

"Mrs. Markham is a married woman," said Mrs. Brimmer, severely, "and, of course, she can do as she pleases; but it is far different with Miss Keene. I should scarcely consider it proper to expose Miss Chubb to the hospitality of a single man, without other women, and I cannot understand how she could leave the companionship and protection of your lovely sisters."

The priest rose, and, with formal politeness, excused himself, urging the peremptory summons of the Council. "I scarcely expected, indeed, to have had the pleasure of seeing my colleague here," he added, with quiet suavity, turning to the Alcalde.

"I have already expressed my views to the Comandante," said the official, with some embarrassment, "and my attendance will hardly be required."

The occasional misleading phosphorescence of Mrs. Brimmer's quiet eyes, early alluded to in these pages, did not escape Father Esteban's quick perception at that moment; however, he preferred to leave his companion to follow its aberrations rather than to permit that fair *ignis fatuus* to light him on his way by it. "But my visit to you, Father Esteban," she began, sweetly, "is only postponed!"

"Until I have the pleasure of anticipating it here," said the priest, with paternal politeness bending before the two ladies; "but for the present, au revoir!"

"It would be an easy victory to win this discreetly emotional Americana to the Church," said Father Esteban to himself, as he crossed the plaza; "but, if I mistake not, she would not cease to be a disturbing element even there. However, she is not such as would give this Hurlstone any trouble. It seems I must look elsewhere for the brains of this party and to find a solution of this young man's mystery; and, if I

judge correctly, it is with this beautiful young agitator of revolutions and her oratorical duenna I must deal."

He entered the low gateway of the Presidio unchallenged, and even traversed the courtyard without meeting a soul. The guard and sentries had evidently withdrawn to their habitual peaceful vocations, and the former mediæval repose of the venerable building had returned. There was no one in the guard-room; but as the priest turned back to the corridor, his quick ear was suddenly startled by the unhallowed and inconsistent sounds of a guitar. A monotonous voice also—the Comandante's evidently—was raised in a thin, high recitative.

The Padre passed hastily through the guard-room, and opened the door of the passage leading to the garden slope. Here an extraordinary group presented itself to his astonished eyes. In the shadow of a palm-tree, Mrs. Markham, seated on her Saratoga trunk as on a throne, was gazing blandly down upon the earnest features of the Commander, who, at her feet, guitar in hand, was evidently repeating some musical composition. His subaltern sat near him, divided in admiration of his chief and the guest. Miss Keene, at a little distance, aided by the secretary, was holding an animated conversation with a short, stout, Sancho Panza-looking man, whom the Padre recognised as the doctor of Todos Santos.

At the apparition of the reverend Father, the Commander started, the subaltern stared, and even the secretary and the doctor looked discomposed. "I am decidedly *de trop* this morning," soliloquised the ecclesiastic; but Miss Keene cut short his reflection by running to him frankly, with outstretched hand. "I'm so glad that you have come," she said, with a youthful, unrestrained earnestness that was as convincing as it was fascinating, "for you will help me to persuade this gentleman that poor Captain Bunker is suffering more from excitement of mind than body, and that bleeding him is more than folly."

"The man's veins are in a burning fever and delirium from aguardiente," said the little doctor, excitedly, "and the fire must first be put out by the lancet."

"He is only crazy with remorse for having lost his ship through his own carelessness, and the treachery of others," said Miss Keene, doughtily.

"He is a maniac and will kill himself, unless his fever is subdued," persisted the doctor.

"And you would surely kill him by your way of subduing it," said the young girl, boldly. "Better for him, a disgraced man of honour, to die by his own hand, than to be bled like a calf into a feeble and helpless dissolution. I would, if I were in his place—if I had to do it by tearing off the bandages."

She made a swift, half-unconscious gesture of her little hand; and stopped, her beautiful eyes sparkling, her thin pink nostrils dilated, her red lips parted, her round throat lifted in the air and one small foot advanced before her. The men glanced hurriedly at each other, and then fixed their eyes upon her with a rapt, yet frightened, admiration. To their simple minds it was Anarchy and Revolution personified, beautiful, and victorious.

"Ah!" said the secretary to Don Esteban, in Spanish, "it is true! she knows not fear! She was in the room alone with the madman; he would let none approach but her! She took a knife from him—else the medico had suffered!"

"He recognised her, you see! Ah, they know her power!" said the Comandante, joining the group.

"You will help me, Father Esteban?" said the young girl, letting the fire of her dark eyes soften to a look of almost childish appeal—"you will help me to intercede for him? It is the restraint only that is killing him—that is goading him to madness! Think of him, Father—think of him: ruined and disgraced, dying to retrieve himself by any reckless action, any desperate chance of recovery, and yet locked up where he can do nothing—attempt nothing—not even lift a hand to pursue the man who has helped to bring him to this!"

"But he can do nothing! The ship is gone!" remonstrated the Comandante.

"Yes, the ship is gone; but the ocean is still there," said Miss Keene.

"But he has no boat."

"He will find or make one."

"And the fog conceals the channel."

"He can go where they have gone, or meet their fate. You do not know my countrymen, Señor Comandante," she said, proudly.

"Ah, yes—pardon! They are at San Antonio—the baker, the buffoon, the two young men who dig. They are already baking and digging and joking. We have it from my officer, who has just returned."

Miss Keene bit her pretty lips. "They think it is a mistake: they cannot believe that any intentional indignity is offered them," she said, quietly. "Perhaps it is well they do not."

"They desired me to express their condolences to the Señora," said the Padre, with exasperating gentleness, "and were relieved to be assured by me of your perfect security in the hands of these gentlemen."

Miss Keene raised her clear eyes to the ecclesiastic. That accomplished diplomat of Todos Santos absolutely felt confused under the cool scrutiny of this girl's unbiased and unsophisticated intelligence. "Then you have seen them," she said, "and you know their innocence, and the utter absurdity of this surveillance?"

"I have not seen them *all*," said the priest, softly. "There is still another—a Señor Hurlstone—who is missing. Is he not?"

It was not in the possibility of Eleanor Keene's truthful blood to do other than respond with a slight colour to this question. She had already concealed from everyone the fact of having seen the missing man in the Mission garden the evening before. It did not, however, prevent her, the next moment, from calmly meeting the glance of the priest as she answered, gravely, "I believe so. But I cannot see what that has to do with the detention of the others."

"Much, perhaps. It has been said that you alone, my child, were in the confidence of this man."

"Who dared say that?" exclaimed Miss Keene, in English, forgetting herself in her indignation.

"If it's anything mean—it's Mrs. Brimmer, I'll bet a cooky," said Mrs. Markham, whose linguistic deficiencies had debarré her from the previous conversation.

"You have only," continued the priest, without noticing the interruption, "to tell us what you know of this Hurlstone's plans—of his complicity with Señor Perkins, or—" he added, significantly, "his opposition to them—to ensure that perfect justice shall be done to all."

Relieved that the question involved no disclosure of her only secret regarding Hurlstone, Miss Keene was about to repeat the truth that she had no confidential knowledge of him, or of his absurd alleged connection with Señor Perkins, when, with an instinct of tact, she hesitated. Might she not serve them all—even Hurlstone himself—by saying nothing, and leaving the burden of proof to their idiotic accusers? Was she altogether sure that Hurlstone was entirely ignorant of Señor Perkins' plans, or might he not have refused, at the last moment, to join in the conspiracy and so left the ship?

"I will not press you for your answer now," said the priest, gently. "But you will not, I know, keep back anything that may throw a light on this sad affair, and perhaps help to reinstate your friend Mr. Hurlstone in his *real* position."

"If you ask me if I believe that Mr. Hurlstone had anything to do with this conspiracy, I should say, unhesitatingly, that I do *not*. And more, I believe that he would have jumped overboard rather than assent to so infamous an act," said the young girl, boldly.

"Then you think he had no other motive for leaving the ship?" said the priest, slowly.

"Decidedly not." She stopped; a curious anxious look in the Padre's persistent eyes both annoyed and frightened her. "What other motive could he have?" she said, coldly.

Father Esteban's face lightened. "I only ask because I think you would have known it. Thank you for the assurance all the same, and in return I promise you I will use my best endeavours with the Comandante for your friend the Captain Bunker. Adieu, my daughter. Adieu, Madame Markham," he said, as, taking the arm of Don Miguel, he turned with him and the doctor towards the guard-room. The secretary lingered behind for a moment.

"Fear nothing," he said, in whispered English to Miss Keene. "I, Ruy Sanchez, shall make you free of Capitano Bunker's cell," and passed on.

"Well," said Mrs. Markham, when the two women were alone again, "I don't pretend to fathom the befogged brains of Todos Santos; but as far as I can understand their grown-up child's play, they are making believe this unfortunate Mr. Hurlstone, who may be dead for all we know, is in revolt against the United States Government, which is supposed to be represented by Señor Perkins and the Excelsior—think of that!"

"But Perkins signed himself of the Quinquambo navy!" said Miss Keene, wonderingly.

"That is firmly believed by those idiots to be one of *our* States. Remember they know nothing of what has happened anywhere in the last fifty years. I dare say they never heard of filibusters like Perkins, and they couldn't comprehend him if they had. I've given up trying to enlighten them, and I think they're grateful for it. It makes their poor dear heads ache."

"And it is quite turning mine! But, for Heaven's sake, tell me what part I am supposed to act in this farce!" said Miss Keene.

"You are the friend and colleague of Hurlstone, don't you see?" said Mrs. Markham. "You are two beautiful young patriots—don't blush, my dear!—endured to each other, and a common cause, and ready to die for your country in opposition to Perkins, and the faint-heartedness of such neutrals as Mrs. Brimmer, Miss Chubb, the poor captain, and all the men whom they have packed off to San Antonio."

"Impossible!" said Miss Keene, yet with an uneasy feeling that it not only was possible, but that she herself had contributed something to the delusion. "But how do they account for my friendship with *you*—you, who are supposed to be a correspondent—an accomplice of Perkins?"

"No, no," returned Mrs. Markham, with a half-serious smile, "I am not allowed that honour. I am presumed to be only the disconsolate Dulcinea of Perkins, abandoned by *him*, pitied by you, and converted to the true faith—at least, that is

what I make out from the broken English of that little secretary of the Comandante."

Miss Keene winced.—"That's all my fault, dear," she said, suddenly entwining her arms round Mrs. Markham, and hiding her half-embarrassed smile on the shoulder of her strong-minded friend, "they suggested it to me, and I half assented, to save you. Please forgive me."

"Don't think I am blaming you, my dear Eleanor," said Mrs. Markham. "For Heaven's sake assent to the wildest and most extravagant hypothesis they can offer, if it will leave us free to arrange our own plans for getting away. I begin to think we were not a very harmonious party on the Excelsior, and most of our troubles here are owing to that. We forget we have fallen among a lot of original saints, as guileless and as unsophisticated as our first parents, who know nothing of our customs or antecedents. They have accepted us on what they believe to be our own showing. From first to last we've underrated them, forgetting they are in the majority. We can't expect to correct the ignorance of fifty years in twenty-four hours, and I, for one, sha'n't attempt it. I'd much rather trust to the character those people would conceive of me from their own consciousness than to one Mrs. Brimmer or Mr. Winslow would give of me. From this moment I've taken a firm resolve to leave my reputation and the reputation of my friends entirely in their hands. If you are wise, you will do the same. They are inclined to worship you—don't hinder them. My belief is, if we only take things quietly, we might find worse places to be stranded on than Todos Santos. If Mrs. Brimmer will keep her mouth shut, and those men of ours, who, I dare say, have acted as silly as the Mexicans themselves, will only be quiet, we can have our own way here yet."

"And poor Captain Bunker?" said Miss Keene.

"It seems hard to say it, but, in my opinion, he is better under lock and key, for everybody's good, at present. He'd be a firebrand in the town if he got away. Meantime, let us go to our room. It is about the time when everybody is taking a siesta, and for two hours, thank Heaven! we're certain nothing more can happen."

"I'll join you in a moment," said Miss Keene. Her quick ear had caught the sound of voices approaching. As Mrs. Markham disappeared in the passage, the Comandante and his party reappeared from the guard-room, taking leave of Padre Esteban. The secretary, as he passed Miss Keene, managed to add to his formal salutation the whispered words, "When the Angelus rings I will await you before the grating of his prison."

Padre Esteban was too preoccupied to observe this incident. As soon as he quitted the Presidio, he hastened to the Mission with a disquieting fear that his strange guest might have vanished. But, crossing the silent refectory, and opening the door of the little apartment, he was relieved to find him stretched on the pallet in a profound slumber. The peacefulness of the venerable walls had laid a gentle finger on his weary eyelids.

The Padre glanced round the little cell, and back again at the handsome suffering face that seemed to have found surcease and rest in the narrow walls, with a stirring of regret. But the next moment he awakened the sleeper, and in the briefest, almost frigid, sentences, related the events of the morning.

The young man rose to his feet with a bitter laugh. "You see," he said, "God is against me! And yet a few hours ago I dared to think that He had guided me to a haven of rest and forgetfulness!"

"Have you told the truth to Him and to me?" said the priest, sternly, "or have you—a mere political refugee—taken advantage of an old man's weakness to forge a foolish lie of sentimental passion?"

"What do you mean?" said Hurlstone, turning upon him almost fiercely.

The priest rose, and drawing a folded paper from his bosom, opened it before the eyes of his indignant guest: "Remember what you told me last night in the sacred confidences of yonder holy church, and hear what you really are from the lips of the Council of Todos Santos."

Smoothing out the paper he read slowly as follows:—

"Whereas, it being presented to an Emergency Council, held at the Presidio of Todos Santos, that the foreign barque Excelsior had mutinied, discharged her captain and passengers, and escaped from the waters of the bay, it was, on examination, found and decreed that the said barque was a vessel primarily owned by a foreign Power, then and there confessed and admitted to be at war with Mexico and equipped to invade one of her northern provinces. But that the God of Liberty and Justice awakening in the breasts of certain patriots—to wit, the heroic Señor Diego Hurlstone and the invincible Doña Leonor—the courage and discretion, to resist the tyranny and injustice of their oppressors, caused them to mutiny and abandon the vessel rather than become accomplices, in the company of certain neutral and non-combatant traders and artisans, severally known as Brace, Banks, Winslow, and Crosby; and certain aristocrats, known as the Señoras Brimmer and Chubb. In consideration thereof it is decreed by the Council of Todos Santos that asylum, refuge, hospitality, protection, amity, and alliance be offered and extended to the patriots, Señor Diego Hurlstone, Doña Leonor, and a certain Duenna Susana Markham, particularly attached to Doña Leonor's person; and that war, reprisal, banishment and death be declared against Señor Perkins, his unknown aiders and abettors. And that for the purposes of probation and in the interests of clemency provisional parole shall be extended to the alleged neutrals—Brace, Banks, Crosby, and Winslow—within the limits and boundaries of the lazaretto of San Antonio, until their neutrality shall be established, and pending the further pleasure of the Council. And it is further decreed and declared that one Capitano Bunker, formerly of the Excelsior, but now a maniac and lunatic—being irresponsible and visited of God—shall be exempted from the ordinances of this decree until his reason shall be restored; and during that interval subjected to the ordinary remedial and beneficent restraint of civilisation and humanity. By order of the Council,

"The signatures and rubrics of—

"DON MIGUEL BRIONES, Comandante.

"PADRE ESTEBAN, of the Order of San Francisco d'Assisis.

"DON RAMON RAMIREZ, Alcalde of the Pueblo of Todos Santos."

(To be continued.)

The City and Guilds of London Institute have elected Mr. Herbert Clifford Saunders, Q.C., as chairman of the executive committee and a vice-president of the Institute, in place of Sir Frederick Bramwell, F.R.S., resigned.

The result of the Dublin Conspiracy Trial, though not unexpected, is in every way unsatisfactory. The jury, after two hours' deliberation, failed to agree upon a verdict, and were discharged. The prosecution is not at an end; but, owing to the exigencies of Circuit arrangements, the accused cannot be put on their trial again till the next commission.

MARCH MEMORANDA.

Among the Jews in olden times this month was consecrated to their opening round of festivals, and in the Roman Calendar it held the first place for many years. Named by Romulus in honour of his father, Mars, the god of war, it was held in high esteem, except that its days were deemed unfortunate for marriages. In our Christian Calendar, too, March for some long time stood first, until by Act of Parliament, passed in 1752, it was determined that the year should commence with January, an alteration that had been adopted in France as early as 1564, and in Scotland in 1599. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors called it "Lenet-Monat," or length-month, to indicate that now the days begin to exceed the nights in length.

"Sturdy March," as Spenser calls it, "with brows full sternly bent," comes upon us with resolute purpose, armed with keen blustering winds, which blow often for days together from the east, and which, though they may be "neither good for man nor beast," have their special value in our climate, and must be welcomed by all who have an interest in agricultural success as powerful agents, whose mission it is to dry the ground after the snow and rain and thaw of February Fill-dyke.

So thoroughly are these dry cold winds esteemed by husbandmen, who know the importance of a mellow soil and crumbling clods for seeds and plants, that the record of their value has passed into proverbs—such as, "A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom," "A dry March never begs its bread." But there is promise of provision in its roughest salutation, and its masterful influence prevails to relax the iron grip of Winter, and gradually to lead in glowing Spring.

Already there is a stir among the sleeping powers of Nature: a moving of the dry bones of vegetation as they quicken to new life. Buds begin to push, as we are reminded by the Poet Laureate, a close and accurate observer of Nature in all her moods, in the line—

More black than ash-buds in the front of March.

Bees venture short distances from the shelter of their hives, birds begin to carry bits of stick and straw and moss for building purposes; skylarks hang high in the cold clear air, and sing their fresh love-songs cheerily; primroses and violets line our hedgerows with blossoms that are at once so simple and so sweet; and these are soon succeeded by other bright children of the spring, such as the Lent-lilies, of which Shakespeare says in his "Winter's Tale"—

Daffodils

That come before the swallow darses, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

So with increasing promise the lengthening days go by, until the month that "came in like a lion, goes out like a lamb," or, according to the Scotch version of the proverb, "having come in with an adder's head, goes out with a peacock's tail."

The First of March is dedicated to St. David, the patron Saint of Wales, who is said to have been of Royal birth, and uncle to King Arthur. The records of his life and work form a strange mixture of fact and fable, but there seems to be no doubt that he rendered very valuable service to the British Church, and became at last Archbishop of Caerleon, and Primate of Wales, taking up his residence at Menevia, since called St. David's, where he died about 1544, at the age of a hundred and forty years.

Various reasons have been given for the old custom, in favour with the Welsh, of wearing the leek on St. David's Day. We may, however, among the mists and shifting sands of historical conjecture, find a clear view and firm ground in the fact that this savoury vegetable has been a favourite dish with Welshmen as far back as their fancies can be traced. A couplet that has all the flavour of antiquity seems to establish this—

Atte meete, and after eke,
Her solace is salt and lecke;

while another author tells us in solid prose:—"I have seen the greater part of a garden there stored with leeks, and part of the remainder with onions and garlic." The poet Churchill has made the month, the people, and the vegetable into a vivid picture by the following vigorous piece of word-painting:—

March various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack checks,
By wilder Welshmen led, and crowned with leeks.

Another day not less national in its importance and observance is March 17, St. Patrick's Day, upon which, as an old Irish-English dictionary informs us—"Shamrock, seamroy, clover, trefoil is worn by Irishmen in their hats in memory of that great saint." According to ancient chronicles, Wales contends with Scotland for the honour of the birthplace of the "Apostle of Ireland." After suffering a period of slavery in Ireland, he is said to have travelled in Gaul and Italy, and to have received a mission from Pope Celestine (who died in 432) to convert the Irish, a work for which he was fitted by the knowledge he had gained of their language and habits when he served as a swineherd on the mountains of Antrim.

An example of the many miracles with which this holy man is credited is given in the following lines:—

Saint Patrick, as in legends told,
The morning being very cold,
In order to assuage the weather,
Collected bits of ice together;
Then gently breathed upon the pyre,
When every fragment blazed on fire!

We have most of us heard how he drove all venomous reptiles out of the country, and rendered Irish soil so fatal to the race of serpents that they die at once on touching it; but all are not, perhaps, aware how thoroughly he is believed to have purged the country; so that its very wood has a virtue against venom; and it is reported of King's College, Cambridge, that, "being built of Irish wood, no spider doth ever come near it."

The popular notion with regard to the shamrock is that when St. Patrick was teaching the doctrine of the Trinity, he used this plant, which bears three leaves upon one stem, as a symbol of the mystery. It is very curious, when we consider these stories of the trefoil and the reptiles, to know that Pliny, in his "Natural History," says that serpents are never seen upon trefoil, and that it prevails against the stings of snakes and scorpions.

Another day of note is March 25, "Lady Day," or the festival of the Annunciation. A "gaudy day" in the Romish church, and well known as the first quarter day of the year. There is record of a quaint play upon this name some years ago, when a country gentleman sent a letter through the General Post, addressed—

To the 25th of March,
Foley-place, London.

The postman duly delivered the letter at the house of Lady Day.

The last three days of March are called "borrowing days"—

March borrows of April
Three days, and they are ill,
April borrows of March again
Three days of wind and rain.

The first day was wind and wet,
The second day was hail and sleet;
The third day was birly banes,
That knockt the wee birds' "nibs agin the stanes."

A CENTURY AGO.

MARCH, 1787.

March, 1787, held its old tradition: it "came in like a lion;" but it was a kindly and good lion, and took the form of an anniversary dinner of a charitable society called "The Ancient Britons," at which was collected the sum of £600, to which the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) contributed £100. But the traditional weather must have obtained, for furs were advertised, and it is well worth noticing the prices at which the muffs (of which an illustration appeared last month) were sold, bearing in mind that money was worth—i.e., could purchase—more than double what it would now. As we know the muffs were large, so were the prices: blue fox, from 31s. 6d. to £10 10s.; natural black ditto, from four to fifty guineas; and they gradually came down to 4s. 6d. each, or 52s. per dozen; but these latter were made of feathers.

These notices must, of necessity, be discursive, if to give even a résumé, much less a history, of a century back; and therefore the best way is to note the facts in each month as far as possible in the order of time in which they occurred; and the grave must occasionally be mingled with the gay. For instance, on March 1, nine people were hanged at the Old Bailey: three for highway robbery, five for burglary, and one, a woman, named Sophia Pringle, for forgery. This latter had forged a letter of attorney for £100, and her case is principally remarkable for the sympathy displayed by the public, which was so strong that the sheriffs considerably kept her in prison, so that she should not witness the execution of her fellow criminals. Fainting more than once, she was dragged to the scaffold and was duly strangled, "everyone present lamenting her miserable end."

A minor criminal was the celebrated pickpocket George Barrington, who ranked, in his profession, with Cartouche and Vidocq. He flew high, and attended the levées at Court, where he despoiled the noblemen of their diamond stars, and picked the pocket of Count Orloff, the favourite of Catherine of Russia, extracting therefrom a gold and diamond snuff-box, valued at between £30,000 and £40,000. He was detected in the act, and dextrously slipped it back into the Prince's hand—and he was not prosecuted for the attempted theft. We get a notice of him in the *Morning Chronicle* of March 2, 1787: "The noted Barrington was, on Saturday last,

It is sorrowful to chronicle such sad things, but "twixt grave and gay," in those days, there was but a very short step, and the *chroniques scandaleuses* of a past age, with their passing innuendoes, which only a student of the times can understand or appreciate, are hardly fitted for popular tastes. Suppose, for instance, a century hence someone was to republish our disgraceful divorce cases! So that the historian's



task is somewhat hard, although the outcome ought to be fairly interesting. Here, for instance, is a civil case—as to the liability of the Post Office (*London Chronicle*, March, 6-8): "A verdict was given against Lord Cowper at the last sitting after term, in which the mercantile and trading part of the community are seriously concerned. His Lordship had, at several times, ordered parcels of diamonds to be sent to him abroad by the conveyance of the general post, which were sometimes insured, and sometimes not." At all events, a parcel of diamonds worth £1000 was forwarded to him, uninsured—and never arrived. On these grounds he refused to pay the jeweller, who sued him for the value, and the verdict was given in the jeweller's favour, as it was considered that posting the diamonds was delivery to Lord Cowper.

In last month's number the King's homely manners were mentioned. It was meant very kindly, in what we should call chaff. It hurt nobody, and the little satire, if there was any, was chiefly levelled at the Royal thrift. In the illustration we find King George and his wife shopping, and if anything could be said bitterly about the Royal couple, it would have been said by John Wolcott, whose verses from "Peter Pindar's Ode upon Ode," 1787, are appended to the Engraving:—

The modern bard, says Tom, sublimely sing:
Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious kings,
Who love their wives, so constant, from their heart;
Who, down at Windsor, daily go a shopping;
Their heads—so lovely—into houses popping.
And doing wonders in the haggling art.

And why, in God's name, should not queens and kings
Purchase a comb, or cork-screw, lace for cloaks,
Edging for caps, or tape for apron-strings,
Or pins or bobbins, cheap as other folks?
Reader, to make thine eyes with wonder stare,
Farthings are not beneath the Royal care.

By-the-way, talking of shopping, there is a very charming illustration, of the same month, of ordinary ladies indulging in that precious luxury. Many may think the costume exaggerated, but really it is so in a very trifling degree. See, for instance, the coiffure and mob cap of the lady in the illustration, which is no more caricatured than the sofa from which she is rising.

Sir John Hawkins, who wrote the "Life of Dr. Johnson," and who died in 1789, gives a very graphic account of London about this time. Speaking of the Rev. Thomas Birch, D.D., he says: "I heard him once relate that he had the curiosity to measure the circuit of London, by a perambulation thereof. The account he gave was to this effect: he set out from his house in the Strand, towards Chelsea, and, having reached the bridge beyond the waterworks, he directed his course to Marybone, from whence, pursuing an eastern direction, he skirted the town, and crossed the Islington road at the Angel. There was at that time no City-road; but, passing through Hoxton, he got to Shoreditch, thence to Bethnal-green, and from thence to Stepney, where he recruited his spirits with a glass of brandy. From Stepney he passed on to Limehouse, and took into his route the adjacent hamlet of Poplar, when he became sensible that, to complete his designs, he must take in Southwark; this put him to a stand; but he soon determined on his course, for, taking a boat, he landed at the Red House at Deptford, and made his way to Say's-court, where the great wet dock is: and, keeping the houses along Rotherhithe to the right, he got to Bermondsey, thence, by



the south end of Kent-street, to Newington, and over St. George's-fields to Lambeth; and, crossing over to Millbank, continued his way to Charing-cross, and along the Strand to Norfolk-street, from whence he had set out. The whole of this excursion took him from nine in the morning to three in the afternoon, and, according to his rate of walking, he computed the circuit of London at above twenty miles." Compare this with our London of to-day, with an extent of 441,559 acres; and a population, in 1881, of 4,766,661!

A notable feature of this month was the commencement of the issue of a token or copper coin, which was rendered necessary, for trade purposes, owing to the scarcity of small change. It was called the "Anglesea Penny," and was issued by Parry's Copper Mining Company. As this was the first of a very extensive series, I may, perhaps, be pardoned for

mentioning that there is a forgery of this coin dated 1781, or three years before the first one was struck.

Simply as a notice of the somewhat rough manners which existed in the rural districts a century ago, I close this with a paragraph from the *World*, March 29, 1787: "A few days ago was married, at Abbot's Bromley, Mr. W. Walbank, aged eighteen, to Mrs. Burton, widow, aged eighty-five, he being this lady's fourth husband, and it is now sixty-nine years since she was married to her first husband. A great concourse of people attended the matrimonial ceremony; but, crowding too precipitately into the church, they threw the old lady down; she, however, soon recovered herself, and, with her stick chastised the invaders. A wheelbarrow being brought to the church door when the couple came out, the old lady was forced into it, and her husband being a lusty lad, they obliged him to wheel her to the bridal habitation."—J. A.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

The sixty-first annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy was opened to the public on Saturday, the 13th inst. The hanging, which has been in the hands of Messrs. Lockhart, Herdman, and Clark Stanton, has given general satisfaction, and, as a result, it may be said we have this year an exhibition of more than average merits—437 artists have contributed 927 works, as against 1167 in 1886. The decrease is accounted for by a special note in the catalogue calling attention to the increasing number of works submitted, and the consequent necessity, owing to the limited space at the disposal of the Council, for greater stringency in selection. The enforcement of this note is, on the whole, a gain both to exhibitors and sight-seers. The appearance of the collection is thereby greatly improved, the highest placed pictures, although still high, being sufficiently well seen for purposes of ordinary criticism. This exhibition more than sustains the reputation of former years, and of the Scottish artists for colour, many of the exhibits being in this respect of superlative merit.

The place of honour is given to the late John Phillip's famous picture "The Early Career of Murillo" (178). Full of direct and truthful expression of human character, the highest excellence in art, its powerful, harmonious colouring and deliberate broad handling will always render it, with artists, a favourite subject of study in the more material intricacies of technique. Immediately above this hangs Mr. George Reid's "Portrait of the Right Hon. Lord Moncrieff, Lord Justice Clerk" (177); a full-length, in the scarlet robes of office, commissioned by the Faculty of Advocates, and destined to hang in the Parliament House beside so many other celebrities of the legal world. This portrait displays Mr. Reid's mastery over the practical details of his profession in a marked degree.

Conspicuous amongst the contributions from London is Mr. Orchardson's "Master Baby" (344), a beautiful study of child-expression, painted with all his wonted delicate colour and drawing. Mr. Oakes sends a large canvas, "A Corner of the Harvest Field" (121), a midland landscape, with "stooked" sheaves and autumnal tints carefully, perhaps a little conventionally, realised. Mr. J. R. Reid's "Shipwreck" (104) has found a good place in the north octagon, where its weird power attracts much well-deserved attention, and near it hangs a charming peasant group by Mr. Cotman, "Entangled" (122), in which an English maid spinning and a kitten are the chief actors. In the same room is Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Heart of the Coolins" (15), which is here the subject of so much diverse criticism, a certain sign of its excellence. Mr. Archer's "St. Agnes, one of the Early Christian Martyrs" (418), grows upon a closer inspection, which discovers its careful construction and nice discrimination of character, marred a little, perhaps, by a brownish tint which pervades the whole picture. Mr. Hugh Cameron is represented by three of his idyllic poems, of which "Rustic Joy" (202) seems to be the favourite. For a pleasing, simple style of handling, a portrait of "Miss Helen Dundas" (520), by the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, deserves notice. Of Mr. Robert Little's contributions we may mention "A Florentine Interior" (58) and "Auldhaime" (461), both good examples of his tender, refined art. By other Scotsmen "over the Border" we have contributions of merit from Messrs. J. Ballantyne, D. Farquharson, T. Graham, and David Murray.

The resident Academicians are well represented, the majority sending their full quota of works. Messrs. Beattie Brown, Waller Paton, John Smart, and W. F. Vallance contribute among them twenty-eight canvases, all more or less able and meritorious pictures. Mr. Lockhart has been successful in an ambitious work, "Glaucus and Nydia" (269), from Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," chiefly remarkable for the complete change of style, so different from that by which this popular artist is known, the whole picture, down to the minutest detail of the mosaic pavement, being painted in a smooth and elaborate manner, and recalling Mr. Alma Tadema or Sir Frederick Leighton. Mr. Herdman is represented by seven pictures, three being portraits. Of his subject-pictures, "Landless and Homeless" (33), a pathetic group of evicted Crofters, shows him at his best. Messrs. Wingate and McKay, each send five. The former in "Watering Horses" (191), and the latter, in "Summer" (289), each develops his treatment of Scottish pastoral scenery in his happiest manner. Mr. McFaggart has a successful portrait of a lady, "Mrs. Orchar" (50), and a breezy west coast seascape, "For Shelter" (158). Mr. Gibb, amongst other works, has contributed his vigorous portrait of "Stanley, the Explorer" (383). In "Resting" (172) and "The Farmer's Daughter" (340), Mr. Hay sustains his well-earned reputation.

The Associates, Messrs. Campbell Noble, G. W. Johnstone, Alexander, Melville, P. W. Adam, and J. Donovan Adam, are represented by many able and interesting works, showing a marked advance upon former years. Mr. P. W. Adam's "Burgomaster's Boy" (134), a beautiful fancy portrait in the style of Velasquez, being really very admirable; while the pictures of Messrs. Lorimer, Hardie, and Hamilton also display considerable improvement, both in original conception and in handling.

By those artists who, it is to be hoped, are still young, because as yet without the sacred walls, come contributions of promise in portraiture from Messrs. Dick Peddie, Duddingstone Herdman, and Charles Sellar; and in water colour from Miss C. P. Ross, Miss Peddie, and Messrs. Nisbet, Scott, Melville, Walton, Hay, and others.

In sculpture, Mr. Hutchison has a striking bust of the late Principal Tulloch, executed by command of the Queen; and there are admirable busts by Messrs. Clark Stanton, Stevenson, and Burnett. Mr. Calder Marshall's bronze statue of "Deborah" occupies a commanding position in the great room, forming an additional attraction in what appears to us to be a very interesting and which, we hope, may prove a very successful exhibition.

In answer to the Lord Mayor's appeal for funds to enable the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the People to continue their work, the Marchioness of Salisbury has contributed £50; Major Sandeman, £25; Mr. J. S. Budgett, £50; Mr. W. Debenham, £25; Mr. C. Wilkinson, £20; Mr. J. A. Fort, £25; Mrs. Duncombe Shafto, £10; and Mr. Westgarth, £10. The appeal is for a sum of £500 a year for five years.



discovered in the following very extraordinary manner. Mr. Mellish's hounds having followed a stag into Lincolnshire, the animal was killed in the fens, and the gentlemen of the chase adjourned to a little public house to refresh themselves. Here, they were struck by the sight of Barrington, who was regaling himself in a corner of the cottage, habited in a brown frock, and with his hair cut close, in all the style of village simplicity. He was called to by Mr. Oliver, of Essex, who had been robbed by him, some time past, of sixteen guineas; he at first denied that he was the person alluded to, but afterwards acquiesced in the fact. The persons who belonged to the hunt were called in to see him, that they might be aware of him should he return to his old haunts, the theatres. The people of the house asserted that he called himself a rider (a commercial traveller), and said that he was travelling for orders. He had bags by his side, and was in all respects a type of the character he assumed. The gentlemen by whom he was thus found did not take him into custody, but sent a letter to Sir Sampson Wright, advising him of the circumstance. Barrington, after a very successful nefarious career, was at last caught, and in September, 1790, was sentenced to seven years' transportation to Australia; but, materially helping to quell a mutiny of convicts en route, on his arrival at Port Jackson he was made superintendent of the convicts at Paramatta, and afterwards chief of the constabulary force of the colony.

And there was a fool named Samuel Birt, or Burt, who was sentenced to be hanged for forgery, and for whom great interest was made; but he refused to petition for a remission of sentence until the last moment, and then it was made into a *cause célèbre*. "He addressed the Court in terms of studied elegance, lamenting his former unwarrantable contempt of life, apologising for the disregard his feelings had forced him to show to the voluntary mercy of an offended Sovereign," &c., and he got transportation for life to Australia.

A hundred years ago all punishments were, according to our ideas, in excess of their deserts. Here is one from the *Morning Chronicle*, March 9, 1787: "A private soldier belonging to the 64th Regiment, now quartered in our barracks (Chatham), who was servant to Lieutenant Spray, of the said regiment, in his master's absence stole a pair of his leather breeches, and afterwards offered them for sale to a Jew. The honest Israelite gave information of it to an officer belonging to the same regiment, who was then passing by, in consequence of which Mr. Spray's servant was confined, and tried about a fortnight ago by a court-martial, which sentenced the man to receive five hundred lashes, which were inflicted on the poor wretch, who died the next day, and was buried the day following."



RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1885) of Mr. George William Pierrepont Bentinck, J.P., D.L., formerly M.P. for West Norfolk, late of Terrington, Norfolk, who died at his town residence, No. 49, Brook-street, on Feb. 20, 1886, was proved on the 3rd ult. by Robert Milnes Newton and Madgwick Spicer Davidson, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each, free of legacy duty, to King's College Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), Charing-cross Hospital, St. George's Hospital (Hyde Park-corner), the Great Northern Hospital, University College Hospital, the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond-street; the London Hospital at the East End, the Home for Little Boys at Farningham, and the London Homœopathic Hospital, Great Ormond-street; £500 for the purpose of repairing and restoring St. Clement's Church, Terrington; and a few other legacies. All his real estate in Norfolk or elsewhere he devises to the use of his brother, Charles Aldenburgh Bentinck, for life, with remainder to his nephew, Henry Aldenburgh Bentinck, in tail male. The residue of his personal estate is to be held, upon trust, so as to go and devolve with his real estate. So as to preclude the possibility of being buried alive, he directs that his coffin shall not be closed or covered up for three days and three nights after his decease, and that a daily and nightly watch shall be kept during such period; and his executors are to pay 50 guineas to the person or persons keeping such watch.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1880), with two codicils (dated Dec. 28, 1883, and Aug. 12, 1886), of Mr. Arthur McNamara, late of Castle-street, Finsbury, and of No. 206, Amhurst-road, Hackney, who died on Jan. 9 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Mrs. Florence Brandon, the daughter, John Reynolds, and Ellis Roberts, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £81,000. The testator, after making a few bequests, gives the residue of his real and personal estate to his said daughter.

The will (dated July 2, 1870), with a codicil (dated March 5, 1884), of Mr. Robert Freeman, formerly of No. 12, Upper Phillimore-place, and late of No. 25, Earl's-terrace, Kensington, who died on Jan. 19 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by Mrs. Frances Augusta Freeman, the widow, George Mallows Freeman, the son, and Alfred James Shephard, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £78,000. The testator gives the silver épergne and plateau presented to him by the parishioners of Kensington, and the silver trowel, presented to him on the occasion of his laying the foundation-stone of the Abbey Mills pumping-

station, to his son, trusting he will preserve them in the family as heirlooms; £10,000 and his furniture and effects to his wife; £1000, upon trust, for his sister Charlotte Ann Hull, for life, and then for the children of his sister Fanny Slade; £500 to his niece, Sarah Elizabeth Hepworth; six freehold houses to his said son; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, or so long as she shall remain his widow, and then for his said son.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Ayrshire, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated July 27, 1886), of Mr. John Colville, the younger, of Burnside, Campbeltown, and of No. 4, Menteith-villas, Tertstounhill, near Glasgow, who died on July 27 last, granted to the Rev. Peter Leys, James Duncan MacLaren, M.D., Archibald Colvill, Mrs. Mary Ann Bodington or Colville, the widow, and three others, the surviving executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 3rd ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £57,000.

The will (dated July 25, 1892) of the Rev. William Wyatt Woolcombe, late of No. 28, Kensington Gate, who died on Nov. 25 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by the Rev. Robert Shuttleworth Sutton, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testator gives legacies to relatives, friends, and servants; and all his real estate and the residue of his personal estate to his sister, Mrs. Harriet Priscilla Elford Macaulay.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1869) of Mrs. Sarah Chamberlayne, the widow of General William Chamberlayne, late of Orford House, near Bishop's Stortford, Essex, who died on Jan. 29 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Stanes Brocket Henry Chamberlayne, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2500 to John Norcliffe Preston; and £2500, upon trust, for each of her nieces, Caroline Louisa Preston, Frances Sarah Unwin, and Arabella Southhouse, for their lives, and on their respective deaths for the said John Norcliffe Preston. All her real estate and the residue of her personal estate she gives to the said Stanes Brocket Henry Chamberlayne.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1884) of Mr. Alexander John Ferrier, late of No. 6, Somers-place, Hyde Park, and of No. 6, Serle-street, Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, who died on Dec. 20 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by Henry Ray Freshfield, William Dawes Freshfield, and Alexander George Milne, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his own and his

late wife's relatives, late and present servants, and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives two thirds to his brother, John Turing Von Ferrier, and one third between six of his late wife's relatives.

The will (dated July 27, 1872), with three codicils (dated Oct. 28, 1881, and May 14 and Aug. 20, 1886), of Miss Mary Anne Frances Crichton-Stuart, late of No. 4, Albion-street, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 10 last, was proved on the 1st ult. by Lieutenant-Colonel James Frederick Dudley Crichton-Stuart, the brother, and William James Farrer, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Church Missionary Society, £75 to the Irish Church Sustentation Fund, £50 each to the Church Pastoral-Aid Society, and the Pure Literature Society; £25 each to the Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics, the Soldiers' Friend Society, the Missions to Seamen, the Ladies' Society for Education in the West Indies, the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, the London City Mission, the Clothing Society for the families of poor pious Clergymen, and to the Incumbent of Portman Chapel for the poor of Portman Chapel district, at his discretion; £7200 to her brother Herbert; and other legacies. The residue of her estate and effects, real and personal, she gives to her said brother James Frederick Dudley.

RUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

Increasing military preparations in Russia continue to attract public attention, especially in Germany and Austria. A Cracow paper states that 150 railway trucks of provisions and ammunition are arriving daily at Brest-Litewski from Moscow and Teresopol. Persons travelling by the Odessa route state that at Kieff quarters are being prepared for 50,000 men, who are expected to arrive shortly; and that a fortified camp, to hold 300,000 men, is on the point of completion near Kieff. All Russian officers on half-pay have now received a summons to active service in case of war; and they are ordered to reach their places of destination eight days after the proclamation of mobilisation has been issued. All soldiers and officers in the reserve are prohibited from changing their place of residence even for a few days without giving notice to the authorities. A reorganisation of the Customs service makes all Custom-House officers liable for service. It is considered highly suspicious that all divisions are sent to the frontier stations the moment they are armed with the new rifles. Our large Engraving represents a detachment of Russian troops on the march. Prince Bismarck's demand of a fixed addition to the German army for seven years has in view France and Russia.

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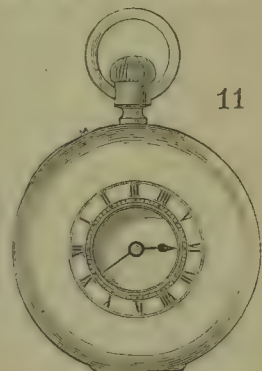
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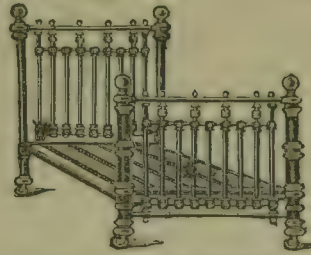
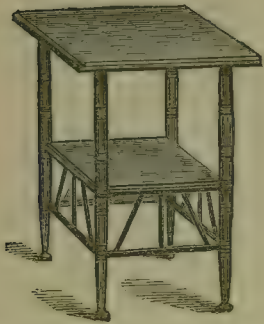
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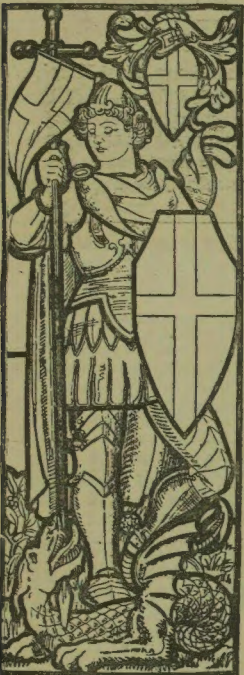
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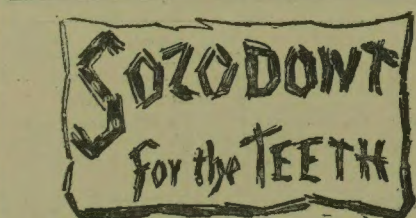
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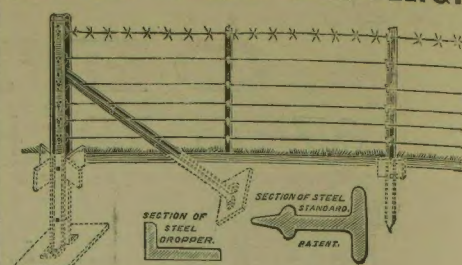
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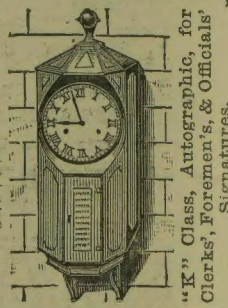
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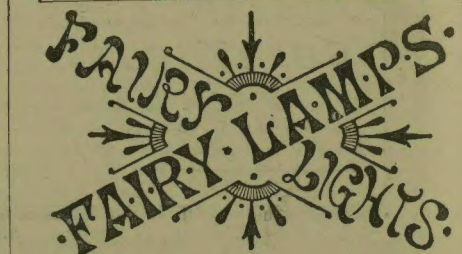
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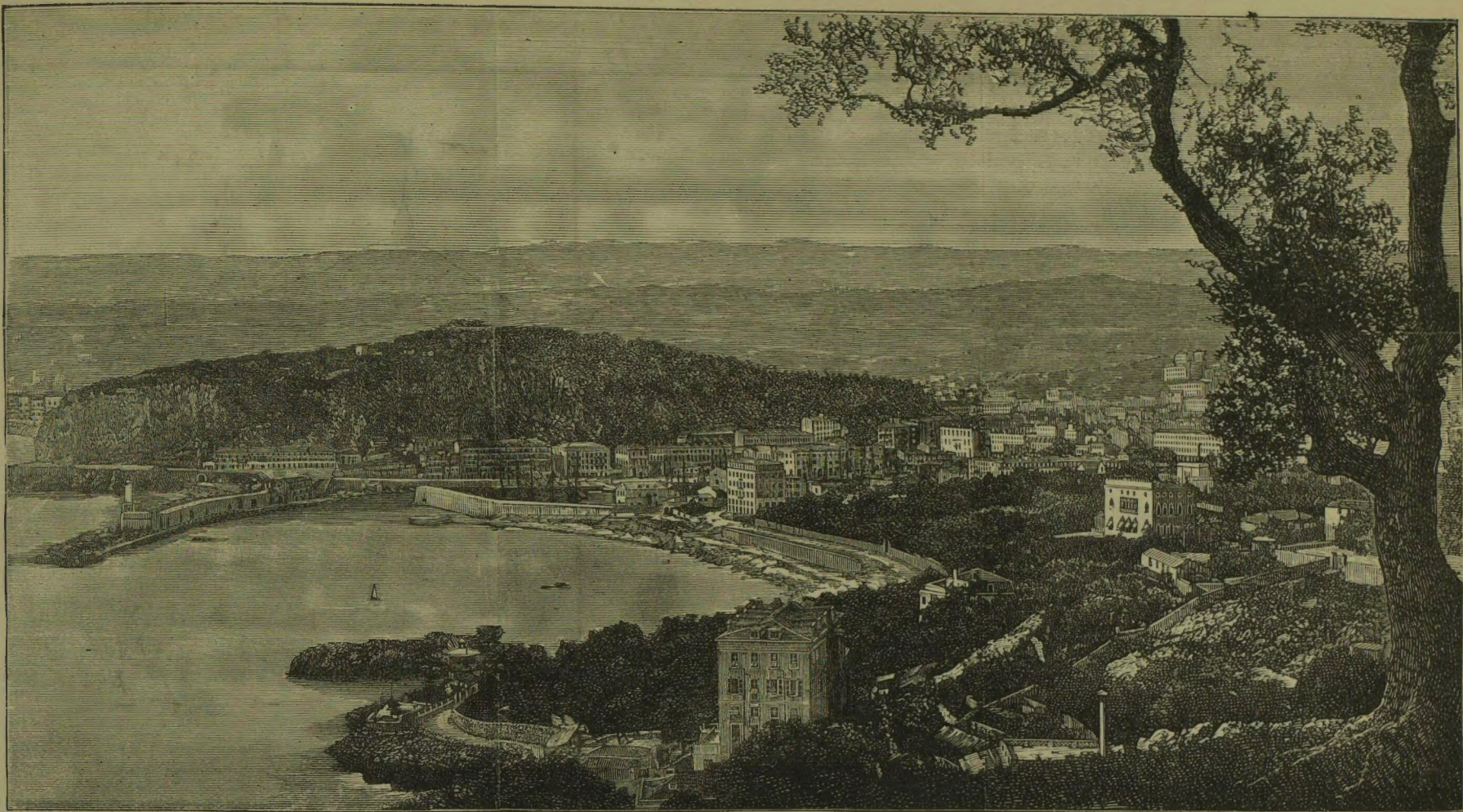
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VIEW OF NICE.

EARTHQUAKE ON THE RIVIERA.

On Wednesday, last week, early in the morning, the shores of the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Genoa, including both the French and the Italian coast, from Cannes to Spezia, the "Riviera di Ponente" and the "Riviera di Levante," were visited by a terrible earthquake, which destroyed some hundreds of lives. Its worst effects were felt along the Italian "Riviera di Ponente," west of Genoa, but especially between Oneglia and Savona, the central part of that coast, round the headland of Cape delle Melle, and in the small towns or villages of Diano Marina, Bajardo, and Bussano. The fashionable health resorts of English and foreign families within the French frontier, particularly Nice and Mentone, have suffered considerably; while Cannes, Monte Carlo, and the Italian sea-side town of Bordighera, eleven miles from Mentone, as well as San Remo, were more fortunate. Inland, both through Piedmont and in the south of France, and to the east of the Gulf of Genoa, the shocks were felt nearly a hundred and fifty miles from the sea, affecting Lyons, Turin, Lombardy, and Tuscany; but the destruction of buildings and loss of life took place chiefly on the Genoese western shore. None of the English residents or visitors have been killed.

The first shock, or series of five quick shakings, was perceived, at Nice, two minutes after six o'clock in the morning; the second was about eighteen minutes afterwards, and the third at twenty-five minutes to nine o'clock; but the two latter shocks were slight. People ran shrieking from many of the houses, at the second shock, which brought down some buildings already shaken by the first; and in a few minutes every open space in the town, the Jardin Public, the Place Massena, Place de la Liberté, and other places were full of an excited, frightened mob of women and children. Inquiries were soon set on foot as to what injury had been done, and it was found that the damage was extensive. The Villa Natal had fallen; the balcony of a house in the Place Massena was thrown down; the roof of a house, 5, Rue Saint Michel, that of 9, Rue Meyerbeer, and that of a house in the Avenue Verdi, and that of 36, Boulevard Gambetta, also fell, and in some cases portions of the walls. The inhabitants at once packed up some of their things and made for the street, and sat on the opposite pavement looking at the ruins. In some instances a guard of soldiers was put round the house. At 22, Rue de l'Escarène, ceilings fell and a good deal of damage was done. Many dangerous looking cracks were made in the arches of the Avenue de la Gare. At the Villa Usquin, in the Rue Meyerbeer, damage to the amount of 4000*fr.* was done. At No. 43, Rue Meyerbeer, the residence of Mr. George King, three ceilings fell, and the whole staircase. The houses of Messrs. George and Francis Bensa, in the Quartier St. Etienne, were thrown down. In the Rue d'Angleterre, the concierge of No. 27 was badly hurt. At No. 7, Rue Paganini, Comtesse Lina Araldi was thrown from bed on to the floor, breaking her leg in three places, and receiving other injuries. In the Rue Adelaide a roof was thrown off and fell on another house, causing great damage. A little boy fell through from the third to the second floor, and was seriously injured. The steeple of the German church in the Rue Augsburg was thrown down. At the Church of St. Etienne, the spire and bell were shaken from their position and fell through the roof into the church. The most serious accident, however, was at the Ecole Maternelle, in St. Etienne. The house was completely shaken down, and the schoolmistress,

Madame Cheylon, was buried in the ruins. She was quite dead when, by the efforts of the sapeurs pompiers, the body was recovered.

The number of houses at Nice which were so much injured as to render it dangerous to enter them is about sixty. The inhabitants of almost all the top floors abandoned their homes. In addition to people living in tents, numerous families took up their quarters in coaches, covered vans, and carts of all descriptions. The bathing-cabins along the sea-shore were let out as living-rooms. On the Promenade des Anglais the stands raised for the Carnival were used for people to sleep in. The directors of the Casino had thrown open that establishment as a shelter for the frightened people. The fear of more shocks of earthquake was so great that about 10,000 people, foreigners and inhabitants, left Nice on Wednesday. The greater number of people who had not fled took refuge on the heights of Cimici, where there were about 2000 Americans, English, and Russians living under canvas. After the first shock the Count and Countess d'Eu and the Duc de Nemours, who inhabit the Villas des Caroubiers and Graziella, took refuge in their gardens, camping in the open air. On the other hand, the King and Queen of Wurtemberg had not left their house. The military authorities had pitched a large number of tents on the public places and squares, in order to provide shelter for the women and children; at night the soldiers patrolled the streets.

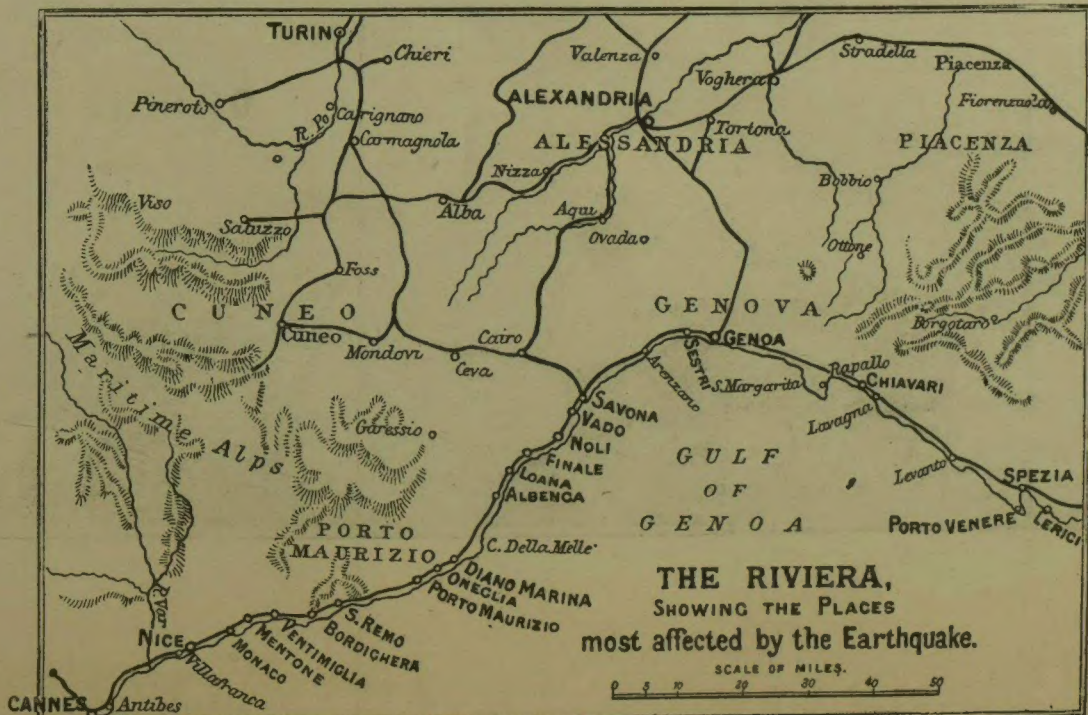
Cannes, where the Prince of Wales was staying, escaped almost without any serious damage to property or accidents to persons. At Cannes and at Antibes, when the second shock of earthquake occurred, the level of the sea sank over three feet, and then rose about six feet, before resuming its ordinary level.

At Mentone, the head Post Office and the Villas Cipollino and Molinari are in ruins. The earthquake at Mentone is described in the following letter to us from Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. Bingham Wright:—"Just as the day was breaking, on Ash Wednesday, we were roused from our sleep by a fearful noise, and by the violent shaking of the room, with the crash of falling masonry and breaking glass and china. There was, of course, no doubt about the cause: it was an earthquake shock, and one of the most violent I ever experienced; and I expected every moment to find the house falling

with us. We dragged our little boy out of his bed, fortunately untouched by the falling rubbish, and rushed for the stairs just as we were, for there seemed no time to spare, if we wished to get down alive. Having got the child down in safety, we returned to aid our friends, and found a gentleman and his little girl were both buried under the débris, in rooms close to ours. With frantic exertions, they were both recovered; the father much hurt, but the child, most providentially, quite uninjured; she was completely covered, not merely by loose rubbish, but by masses of stonework, so heavy that the ladies who were trying to rescue her had not strength to move it. I helped them with all my might, and we were fortunate enough to get at the right spot to find her, and to get her out before she had suffered from want of air; while we were doing so another severe shock came, but, fortunately, not enough to add much more to the ruin; and, in a short time, all were out of doors. During the day and night there were frequent shocks, but, as a rule, diminishing in force. I noticed that a wave of disturbance came on about every three hours; but there were other shocks as well. Hardly anyone on the west side of Mentone slept in a house that night. We lay on mattresses under the orange trees in the garden of the Hôtel de Venise, close by; some under an improvised tent. Though but little mention has been made of Mentone, I believe it has suffered more than any other place on this part of the coast. I have, since the occurrence, passed in daylight along all the Riviera from there to Marseilles, spending some hours at Nice; and nowhere is there a twentieth part of the damage visible. Mentone, in fact, has much the appearance of having undergone a bombardment; it is sad, indeed, to see this lovely place reduced to such a state. The accompanying rough sketches were taken hurriedly in a pocket-book, but may be of interest."

The destruction of houses at Oneglia was considerable, and at Savona; fourteen were killed in those towns. In the province of Porto Maurizio there are a considerable number of villages in the mountainous districts built in terrace-fashion upon the side of hills. Scarcely any of these have escaped; the buildings on the upper slopes first collapsed and crashed down on those below. At Bajardo, a small town of about 1500 inhabitants, when the first shock was felt, the inhabitants, men, women, and children, rushed in mad affright to the parish church, where, upon their knees, they implored Divine protection. The priests moved about among the terrified people, trying in vain to calm their fears. Suddenly a severe shock caused the massive walls of the church to bulge, and in another moment the edifice collapsed, burying beneath its ruins several hundred people, of whom nearly 300 were killed or terribly mutilated. At Bussano, a village of 800 inhabitants, successive shocks razed to the ground nearly every house, and beneath the ruins lie one third of the population, with no prospect of rescuing any alive. At Diano Marina, most of the houses fell, killing 250 persons.

In the city of Genoa, the ducal palace and other houses were damaged. At the Carlo Felice Theatre a masked ball, the crowning fête of the Carnival series, was in progress. The first shock caused a panic; the dance was instantly stopped, and the fantastically dressed people flocked into the streets. Beyond Savona, all railway traffic has been suspended; in several places huge masses of stone, loosened from overhanging cliff-brows, threaten to fall at any moment. No further shock occurred after the night of Wednesday week, and none is now expected.



THE EARTHQUAKE ON THE RIVIERA.



SEARCHING THE RUINS AT DIANO MARINA, ON THE COAST OF ITALY.

HOME-HUNTING IN THE KOOTENAY VALLEYS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Others besides the Eton boy who, as recent reformers tell us, can only spare from his classical labours one hour in the week for geography and history, entertain somewhat indistinct ideas concerning the whereabouts and general topographical features of Britain's only possession on the Northern Pacific Ocean, British Columbia—which is one of the most beautiful and not least valuable of all our Colonial possessions—a lack of knowledge all the more to be regretted when we see how hundreds of thousands of Englishmen annually expatriate themselves by migrating to the United States; and the question of emigration stands like a ghost—worse in the prospective than in the reality—through our overpopulated realm, knocking no longer only at the doors of cottages or farmhouses, but also at the porches of the suburban villa, or parsonage, and even at the massive portals of the country mansion.

Situated in the south-eastern corner of America's Attic, as was called until recent days Canada's Pacific province, there are probably to English eyes as well as to English muscle few more attractive looking, sunny, mountain-sheltered spots than the Kootenay Valleys, now brought within a twelve-days' journey from England by the recently-completed "Queen's highroad," a title not unmerited by the strategic and commercial importance of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Less than fourteen days' journey, four days of it by the well-appointed train service of this great national line, leads one into these valleys, to their beautiful lakes, park-like open forests of magnificent trees, such as only the Pacific coast can produce, great stretches of pastoral land, skirting the majestic Kootenay River, bunch-grass covered foothills, overtopped by towering snow-capped peaks, such as only Switzerland can rival—in fact, to a land where Nature has provided for the wants of man in a way no spot on the vast North American Continent visited by the writer, who, in nine years of American rambles, has traversed some 150,000 miles, can show the like. The much lower altitude of the valleys than the windswept plains of the North-west, and the famous "Chinook," a warm Pacific breeze, make its winters comparatively mild. Besides these natural advantages, the country's resources in precious minerals, timber, and coal, are of an exceedingly promising nature. Gold to the amount of £600,000 was washed from one of its river beds, while unusually large deposits of galena (silver and lead) on the banks of the Kootenay Lake—without doubt the most picturesque sheet of water on the Continent, and a fit New World rival of the Königssee and Como Lake—have induced some enterprising Californian and Canadian capitalists to set about constructing three railway lines, so that very shortly this naturally sequestered nook will be connected with the two largest railway systems in North America—i.e., the Canadian Pacific and the Northern Pacific.

Now-a-days, when the scions of good houses "go West" by the dozen, when eldest as well as youngest sons, no less than sons who have to be their own fathers, turn cowboys or cattle ranchers, or engage in other industrial occupations on the frontier, where, as is often the case in new countries, large profits reward enterprise—the country that fills the requirements of the better class of these home-hunters is becoming more circumscribed at a rapid rate; and the more or less extensive "globe-trotting" that ordinarily precedes a final settling down makes them by no means less hard to please when selecting a home. At least, such has been the experience of many the writer has met.

Placing ourselves for a moment in the shoes of such a hypercritical home-hunter, let us see what he requires. His new home has to be, he demands, in a country where, without constant heart-burning, he can forego at least as long as youth lasts the comforts of a more civilised existence; where the memories of English lanes, Scotch moors, or Irish lakes will not for ever be brought out in haunting relief by the ugliness of his new surroundings; where he can buckle to and make money to provide for the old days of the rolling stone—for now and again moss of the right kind does accumulate, just as water can be made to flow uphill if the force behind it is of the right kind; where he can live under the old flag, which to defend he has, perhaps, on more than one occasion staked his life; where there is a good climate, warm, balmy summers, crisp, glorious autumns, fairly short winters, with the dry healthful cold that sets his blood tingling; where there is good sport with rifle and rod; where the back door of his modest log-house opens on a natural park, with pleasing stretches of level terrace-like "benches" covered with luxuriant bunch-grass, and dotted with groups of the gigantic tawny-barked yellow pine (*Pinus ponderosa*), America's most picturesque forest tree, giving the landscape that classic touch of sunny Italy the cultured eye loves to dwell on, while in the background again a bit of the Wengern Alp with its towering peaks, vast slopes of grand forests, is for ever reminding him of days devoted to Alpine prowess; where, when sitting at his front door smoking his evening pipe, he can overlook a fine smooth-flowing river, skirted by groves of grand old elms, big trout rising lazily as becomes well-conditioned fish, and the butterfly-like humming-bird goes skimming over the placid surface—a scene of such home-like softness and peace, that were it not for the great mountains rising in close proximity, he might fancy himself in one of his favourite reaches on the Upper Thames. And, to come to more practical issues, where there are fields of rich alluvial "bottom" soil that will yield forty to fifty bushels of wheat; where hops and fruits of all kind will ripen and thrive under the benign influence of a Pacific coast climate with its frostless summers; where there is a good bunch-grass range for his cattle, confined by natural boundaries, rendering unnecessary fences or a houseful of hungry cowboys; where railways to the north and to the south are not too close, but yet within handy equi-distance for cattle-drives, leaving him the choice of two routes for the shipment of his produce:—a country in one word, where a man with a little capital can live, make money, and be passably happy! Is it much to ask? Those who know the far West, be it north or south of the forty-ninth degree of latitude, that invisible frontier between a great Republic and a great Empire—the former having, alas! vastly outstripped the latter—will know that such an Ultima Thule is not to be found very easily, if, indeed, at all; so that the doubting shrug and "I-know-better" smile which will meet the assertion that the above picture represents reality, and is by no means an imaginary picture, is but a natural outcome of the disappointed anticipation of men who, like Martin Chuzzlewit, found the West made up of very questionable Edens. Fortunately, in this instance a good deal of what has been stated about the country can be corroborated by the testimony from official and other entirely authoritative sources; for one of the most interesting Blue-books ever laid on the table of our Houses of Parliament—i.e., Palliser's voluminous report on his exploration of the Rocky Mountains, instituted with a view of ascertaining the possibility of building a railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific entirely on British territory, an exploration that occupied four years—contains very numerous passages describing the exceptionally attractive natural features of the then isolated Kootenay Valleys.

CHESS.

P. EDWARDS (Singapore).—Your solutions of the two chess-nuts are correct. Look at No. 2239 again; there is no solution by way of 1. R to Q sq.

E. B. (Berlin).—Your proposed solution of No. 2230 (1. R to Q sq) was not correct.

C. A. B. (Twickenham).—We think very highly of it, and it shall appear next week.

J. A. (Londonderry).—Write to W. Morgan, Medina-road, Holloway, London, for a catalogue. No. 2237 cannot be solved, 1. Q takes P, Black having a good answer in 1. R to R 5th.

G. B. C. (Bath).—Much obliged for the report.

F. E. P. (Brighton).—If you will send another diagram the problem shall be published, with a brief comment embodying your explanation. The diagram enclosed in your letter is the problem of Mr. Lloyd's we referred to.

H. W. B. (Dublin).—A King cannot be moved next a King.

REV. J. T. (Monrozier).—See answer to "V R" in last week's number. The endings from Morphy's games have been frequently published.

ALPHA.—We are glad you tackled Mr. Studd's problem again. Mr. Studd's "Traumerei" (Dreams) have proved nightmares to some of our solvers.

NOTE.—The author of No. 2236 writes to say that a White Pawn is needed at Q 2nd to meet the variation 1. P takes P. A few only of our correspondents have noted the flaw, all the others sending the author's solution.

Problems received with thanks from J. Tinkler, G. S. Carr, and G. Heathcote.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2229 received from Bandeman, P. Edwards (Singapore); of 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, and 2237 from Emma Bolck (Berlin); of 2235 from E. W. Jones, Section d'Echecs Société Littéraire (Geneva), Alpha, T. Roberts, M. Dawson, W. A. P. Charles K. Hattersley, John F. Wilkinson; of 2236 from Rev. J. Gaskin (Reims), Walter Jackson, W. Lillie, R. F. N. Banks, Alpha, W. H. D. Henvey, Peterhouse, Charles K. Hattersley, John Coonan, and Fairholme.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2237 received from George Joicey, W. J. (Victoria), Lieut.-Colonel P. Loraine, H. Reeve, L. Wyman, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), A. C. Hunt, H. W. Beater, I. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, A. J. J. Casella (Paris), J. A. Schuncke, B. R. Wood, Rev. J. T. M. G. T., E. J. Gibbs Junior, Hereward, R. Tweddell, L. Desanges, Otto Fulder (Ghent), Whitpain, E. E. H. C. Durrah, Rev. J. Gaskin (Reims), Joseph Ainsworth, R. F. N. Banks, Jupiter Junior, W. Lillie, C. P. Douglas, Ben Nevis, W. Heathcote, N. S. Harris, E. Louden, R. L. Southwell, Nerima, North-Bac, W. R. Rallem, H. B. S. C. Oswald, Thomas Chown, E. Featherstone, Jack, W. B. Smith, E. Elshury, H. Wardell, Digita, R. H. Brooks, T. G. (Ware), S. Bullen, Sgt. James Sage, W. Hillier, L. Falcon (Antwerp), W. Hill, John F. Wilkinson, New Forest, W. Hewson-Kilbee, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Peterhouse, Shadforth, Oliver Icingle, Charles K. Hattersley, Fairholme, John Coonan, A. Biddell (Ipswich), Percy R. Gibbs, W. C. Williams (Swansea), and W. Biddle.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2235.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 6th	R to Q Kt sq (a)	1. Kt takes K P (ch)	B takes Q (c)
2. B takes P	Kt takes P	3. B to K 7th.	Mate.
3. B to K 8th.	Mate.		

(a.) B to B 3rd (b)

1. Q to Q 4th Any move.

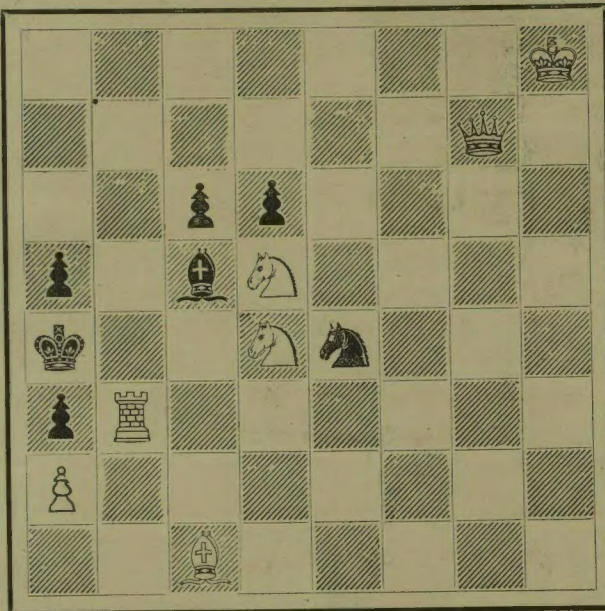
3. Q or Kt mates accordingly.

The other variations should present no difficulty to the student.

PROBLEM No. 2239.

By FRITZ HOFFMANN (Munich).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Played at the British Chess Club between the Rev. G. A. MACDONNELL and another skilful amateur.

(King's Bishop's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. D. M.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. D. M.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. R to B 3rd	Kt to K 4th
2. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	19. R to B 3rd	Q takes P
3. P takes P		20. P takes P	P takes P
		21. K to B sq	Kt to K 2nd
		22. B to K B 4th	P to B 3rd
		23. Kt to B 4th	B to Q 6th (ch)
		24. K to Kt sq	B takes Kt
		25. B takes B	Kt to K B 4th
		26. B to R 6th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
		27. Q to R 3rd	Q to Q 5th
		28. B takes Kt	R takes B
		29. K R to Kt 3 d	

White's attack has been hampered throughout by the unfortunate position of his own pieces. The move in the text is necessary before attempting R to Q 3rd.

29. B to B sq R to K 8th (ch)

30. B to B sq K to B 2nd

31. Q to Kt 2nd R takes B (ch)

Good judgment. The exchanges which are now forced ensures Black a winning game.

32. Q takes R Kt takes R

33. R P takes Kt Q to K sq

34. Q to Kt 2nd Q to Q 8th (ch)

35. K to R 2nd Q to R 4th (ch)

36. Q to R 3rd Q takes Q (ch)

37. K takes Q R to K 7th.

and White resigned.

The thirty-fourth annual general meeting of the members of the City of London Chess Club was held at the Salutation Tavern on the 21st ult. The president, Mr. C. G. Cutler, occupied the chair, and there was, as usual, a large attendance of members. The report and financial statement, the latter showing a substantial balance in favour of the club, were adopted; after which the officers for the ensuing year were elected. These are:—president, Mr. George Adamson; vice-presidents, Mr. H. F. Gastineau, Mr. C. G. Cutler, and Mr. Julius Manning; treasurer, Mr. H. F. Gastineau; honorary secretary, Mr. George Adamson; assistant secretary, Mr. G. Mackie; managing committee, Messrs. F. Anger, F. A. Atkinson, Theodore Block, W. T. Chappell, J. T. Heppell, G. A. Hoake, Herbert Jacobs, F. W. Lord, J. F. Lovelock, R. Pilkington, E. R. Ridpath, R. Rynd, S. J. Stevens, J. J. Watts, and C. J. Woon. The following honorary members were then elected:—Messrs. Blackburne, Zukertort, Macdonnell, Duffy, Healey, Howard, Rosenthal (Paris), Baron Kolisch (Vienna), Herr English (Vienna), Herr Winawer (Berlin), M. Tschigorin (St. Petersburg), Dr. Noll (Hungary), Captain Mackenzie (New York), and Mr. Robert Steel (of Calcutta).

The annual match between the City and St. George's clubs is fixed for Thursday, May 12 next, with fifteen players a side.

The New British Chess Club held their first general meeting at their new premises, 37, King-street, Covent-garden. Mr. George Newnes, M.P., was elected president; and Messrs. Donisthorpe, Hewitt, and Lewis, vice-presidents, and Mr. F. H. Lowe, honorary secretary. A handicap is being arranged and a committee of handicappers has been appointed. The aggregate value of the prizes will be at least £40. The splendid accommodation provided at the New British should attract many chessplayers whose leisure can be taken at the West-End.

Captain Mackenzie has been visiting Toledo, and in a series of games played against Mr. Max Judd, late of St. Louis, he came out victorious by eight games to two and one drawn.

The annual meeting of the Bath Chess Club was held on the 19th ult., when the report, which presented a highly satisfactory record of the club's progress during the past year, was unanimously adopted. Mr. J. E. Sturges then, on behalf of the members, presented Mr. W. E. Hill with a handsome marble timepiece on his retiring from the office of secretary, as an expression of appreciation of his services to the club during the last four years. A vote of thanks to the chairman, Mr. J. E. Sturges, brought the proceedings to a close.

NEW BOOKS.

Personal recollections of notable men and memorable events are nearly always received with a warm welcome and read with avidity; and that such a destiny awaits—deservedly—the two volumes entitled *Through the Long Day*: by Charles Mackay, LL.D. (W. H. Allen and Co.), it is both pleasant and reasonable to believe and predict. The volumes contain "memorials of a literary life during half a century," and that long literary career most fortunately was marked by a preponderance of journalistic experience. Most fortunately, because, although journalism is but distantly connected with literature, and upon the latter rather than the former depend the chances of an enduring reputation, yet the former gives the greater opportunity for taking part in those important affairs and for rubbing shoulders with these public characters that have taken the most permanent hold upon the popular memory and fancy, command the most immediate and most general attention, and are calculated to ensure a wide circulation, as long as the recollection of them remains, for a narrative which is chiefly concerned with them. And in this autobiographical selection it is certainly as the journalist rather than as the man of letters that the author became acquainted with that which is most noteworthy and most interesting in his collection of reminiscences. Not that in his purely literary capacity he has not done good work which will keep his name to the fore, and been thrown into relations about which it is delightful and even profitable to read, especially into the society of Samuel Rogers, at whose celebrated "breakfasts" he met a great many famous personages; but what he did and saw as a journalist will have the principal attraction for the majority of readers. It was as a journalist that he visited the Eglinton tournament; that he was present at a very curious exhibition of clairvoyance and of thought-reading-through-the-sense-of-smell; that he spent three months in the study of Liverpool and the Liverpoolians; that he was invited to breakfast by the second Duke of Wellington, but retired breakfastless in consequence of the treatment he received; that he contracted a friendship with the distinguished actor and actress Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean; that he was enabled to tell the story of Mr. Keon and the late Lord Lytton; and that, finally, he has so much to say about the United States and what occurred there in those evil days when they were threatened with disunion. To journalism, moreover, he seems to have owed his mission to Canada, whereof there is an account which is full of anecdote, and occupies a considerable number of pages; and to that vocation he is, of course, indebted for the more or less curious and acceptable information he imparts concerning the *Illustrated London News*, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Daily News*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and other journals, their founders, and the contributors who helped to make or mar them. It is in his literary character, however, that he has one of his most droll, and at the same time most annoying, experiences to relate, touching a little "juvenile poem" of his, entitled "The Enquiry," which was, and sometimes still is, claimed for the unfortunate Lady Flora Hastings, after whose death it "was found, in her own handwriting, among the papers in her private desk." Hence the charge of plagiarism—indeed, of sheer robbery—brought against the real author; who, even in this case, by-the-way, appears as a supporter of journalism, for his disputed little poem seems to have been published originally, with the writer's own name appended, in the *Sun* newspaper. It is matter for regret, though not for surprise, to learn that the author has derived more mental and moral satisfaction than pecuniary emolument from his protracted literary labours; but, perhaps he may be a little consoled by the reflection that probably the greatest genius has the most frequently good reason to make a similar remark. Shakespeare, no doubt, was a very fair man of business, and the leading poets of our own day are said to know which side their bread is buttered; but he of Avon was exceptional in all respects, and certainly the old rule was that poetry, and literature in general, should be, like virtue, its own reward. Now-a-days, there is no such rule, no doubt; but the result is much the same in the great majority of instances.

The shadow of melancholy rests upon *My College Days*, edited by R. Menzies Fergusson, M.A. (Alexander Gardner), because of its posthumous character; for the writer, whose bright spirit is discernible throughout the paper, was called away before their publication, the care of which he bequeathed to an intimate friend. The book is eminently readable, very quiet for the most part, but not without a few touches of gaiety and sprightly humour; and it betokens no little culture together with a strong poetic tendency. The contents are almost entirely confined to sketches of life at Scottish Universities, with some playful personal satire, of which various professors, some mentioned by name and others denoted by initials, are the objects in chief, although the peculiarities of certain landladies whose province it is, or was, to let lodgings to students at Edinburgh or elsewhere, come in for their share of more or less satirical delineation. But there is nothing spiteful, nothing bitter, nothing cynical in the mode of treatment. Two chapters are devoted to a sketch, brief but graphic and sympathetic, of academic Oxford, whither the author went to sojourn and to study for two months. It is patriotic of him to castigate those Scottish students who, according to his account, having obtained scholarships at Oxford, become quite Anglicised, and "run down the University they have left"; but their conduct, if not commendable, is perfectly intelligible. If the Scottish University were not inferior to the English, why should students leave the former for the latter? Because they obtain valuable scholarships? Well, that of itself is a sign of a certain superiority; whereas, in respect of scholarship in another sense, there can be no comparison. But to acknowledge patent facts is sometimes considered equivalent to "running down." Certain favourite songs of Scottish students find a place in the volume, and among them is one entitled "Ben Baxter" by the author of these autobiographical notes, or by his editor, or by both; but it should surely be "Ben Backstay," (for it is a "sea song"), by which name, if memory may be trusted, it was well known and frequently sung by undergraduates at Cambridge some forty years ago.

A large body of men, organised by the Social Democratic Federation, proceeded on Sunday to St. Paul's Cathedral, where a sermon was preached by the Archdeacon of London, Dr. Gifford. The service was occasionally interrupted by dissentient or scornful cries. An overflow service was conducted for the benefit of those unable to gain admittance to the Cathedral.

At the annual general meeting of the Newspaper Press Fund last Saturday Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P., who presided, suggested that the Fund should be incorporated by Royal charter. The Fund had to do with all who were connected with the Press, and was also connected with literature. He also pointed out the necessity of enlisting more generally the support of newspaper men throughout the country, as by so doing they would extend the area of their support and of their benefits. During the year fifty-six grants had been made, amounting to £1240. Mr. F. C. Burnand will take the chair at the annual dinner on June 11.